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The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 37. [Published Every Wednesday.] Week ending July 17, 1909. ONE PENNY.

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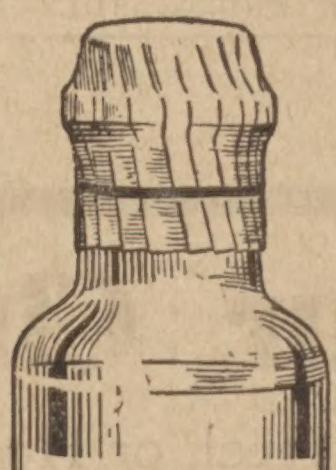
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The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 37. WEEK ENDING JULY 17TH, 1909. ONE PENNY.

THINGS MEN WANT.

SOME MODERN MASCULINE FETISHES.

Everyone has his fetish, his object of devo- his idol. Sir Thomas Lipton's fetish, for nce, is the America Cup.
wadays, the Victoria Cross is the fetish of British Army and Navy. Every soldier and bluejacket from the highest to the lowest, d like to win it. It is a simple Maltese bearing the words "For Valour," and the or blue ribbon supporting it indicates to h of the two services the wearer belongs. er the Victoria Cross, officers in the British want to win the "D.S.O." or Distin- hed Service Order—a gold cross suspended a longer and parti-coloured ribbon. In er times, the great fetish of the military or l man was his flag or that of the foe, and as on account of the useless slaughter en- d by the frantic desire to capture or save the rs that it was decided to carry these no er on the battlefield.
private life, there is some sort of a fetish ractically every profession or calling. That e actor, actress, singer or musician is cer- y the order to give a private performance e the King; of the artist, to have his pic- hung on the line at the Royal Academy. the Mercantile Marine, amongst the coast- d, or our police, the fetish is first and fore- t the Albert Medal.
cond in importance is the Royal Humane ety's Medal; but, leaving rewards for age, the America Cup is not the only h in sport by a long way. The Territorial ld give a good deal to win the King's Prize so distinguish himself as the best shot; and e is no Oxford or Cambridge undergraduate would not far sooner get his blue than a class.
milarly, the fetish of great cricketers is to one of the representative team sent out by country to play the Australians, and of the k football teams to win the Association llenge Cup before applauding thousands. ulling men want to win the Diamond Sculls henley. The boxing man would like to win belt that goes with the championship of the ld, from the negro Jack Johnson, who de- ed Tommy Burns of it. Doggy men, or hound coursers, would like to win the erloo Cup.
orse-racing men spend fortunes in trying to the Derby. Some of the best known names he world of politics and finance figure among e who have striven hard for this prize. s for the swimmer, the zenith of his ambi- would be attained if he could repeat Cap- Webb's great and unparalleled feat of nming the Channel.
n the first of August, every year, duly quali- young watermen just out of their appren- ship row a race that was instituted by a ous comedian named Thomas Doggett. To the Doggett coat and badge is the summit their ambition.

M. E. SILVESTER.

CHEEK.

Talking about airships—well, really that's about as far as we've actually got, isn't it?

* * * * * * *

In spite of the general rise in the price of beer, we have not yet heard of a single bass-ive resister.

* * * * * * *

The English Play Society recently staged "The Price" and "Unanswered" at Terry's Theatre. A Bond Street tailor writes saying it must have been a "good bill."

* * * * * * *

Many kindly persons have invited the Premier to go to the country, but Mr. Asquith finds Westminster *quite* breezy enough for him, thank you.

* * * * * * *

In view of the widely expressed dissatisfaction with the Test Match Selection Committee, might we observe that their business is to pick teams—not quarrels?

* * * * * * *

A lady who evidently does not consider the masculine knee a thing of beauty, has written saying that she thinks the hosiery worn by the London Scottish skimpy—to say the least of it. But in the Territorial Marathon the gallant 14th Battalion managed to give the others socks.

* * * * * * *

"Germany must have £250,000,000 to restore the balance of her finances," so we are informed, but, alas! Prince Buelow is not precisely Lloyd-George at 6st. 7lb.

* * * * * * *

The public is displaying much interest in the Takin which has arrived at Regent's Park. At Alexandra Park it is the racecourse take-in who is interested in the public.

* * * * * * *

Although a contingent of German boy scouts is visiting England, the "Daily Mail" has not yet organised its staff of war correspondents.

* * * * * * *

"Tariff Reform," says the "Daily Express," "means more work." Perhaps that is why the majority of M.P.'s have such a rooted objection to it.

* * * * * * *

The English horses were not in the first three in the Grand Prix de Paris—another blow to English produce abroad.

* * * * * * *

Sport is just as old as mankind, because the first match was in the Garden of Eden.

* * * * * * *

Mr. G. B. Shaw has had his latest sketch, "Press Cuttings," banned by Mr. Redford because the dramatis personæ contained a Prime Minister named Balsquith and a Teutophobe general christened Mitchener. We wonder he didn't have a ruthless censor named Bedford therein also.

* * * * * * *

At Sotheby's a Saxon penny was sold for £275. A "pretty penny," too!

J. B. PONDERS.

PUTTING UP.

OF INTEREST TO THOSE WHO CONTEMPLATE MAKING A CYCLE TOUR.

I have just returned from a long cycle tour and have been much impressed by the excessive charges made at the majority of country hotels.

One night I put up at an hotel in a Thames Valley town and was charged 11s. 6d. for my bed and breakfast. Such a charge is absurd for a country hotel to make.

The result of the hotel keeper's overcharges has been the opening of coffee-houses, which are even worse managed than the hotels.

Their only recommendation is their cheapness; you can have a bed and breakfast at one of them for half-a-crown, which is too small a charge to reward the owner of the place and also provide clean sheets and good food.

On one occasion after a night cycle run I reached a West of England town before the ordinary hotels were open. The people at the local coffee-house were already astir, however, and I asked them to get me some breakfast. While it was being prepared, I went to a bedroom to wash my hands, and I was astonished at the dirt and discomfort so painfully obvious on every hand.

The bed was apparently ready for a new occupant, for it had been made, but the sheets were crumpled and anything but clean.

In one corner of the room there was a recess which was screened off by a clothes-horse covered with chintz. This partition ran only a few feet above the floor, and curiosity prompted me to look over. On the other side was a collection of cardboard boxes, rags, several empty bottles, a battered silk hat, scraps of paper, and unlimited dust.

Inquiries which I have made lead me to conclude that this particular place was no exception to the general run of coffee-houses.

The cyclist, therefore, is left to choose one of these alternatives: either he must yield to the fleecing of the greedy country hotel proprietor, or submit himself to discomfort and possible contagion at the coffee-house.

On the whole I think that the exorbitant hotel is preferable.

In some towns there are excellent temperance hotels which make an extremely moderate charge, and whose cleanness is indisputable, but these are not to be found everywhere. I therefore suggest to any reader who may think well of it, that there is a great deal of money to be made by those who have houses in country towns and villages and who are willing to supply travellers with accommodation at a reasonable and fixed charge.

Those who are prepared to supply accommodation to one-night guests should announce the fact plainly, either by hanging out a sign or putting a card in the window, and the price to be charged should certainly be stated. By private competition of this nature we may hope to be relieved some day of the exorbitant charges of the hotels and the filth of the coffee-houses.

F. E. FORREST.

THE SIMPLEST AND BEST FORM OF WATERMANSHIP.

Punting

The ideal river craft and to-day the most popular one, at any rate among the more fashionable of the frequenters of the Thames, is the flat-bottomed punt.

Its easy gliding movements provide the finest antidote imaginable for trouble and worry, there is but little danger of the craft being capsized, there is plenty of room to recline at ease on the ample cushions, and the exercise of punting is one of the most graceful for man or girl that can be indulged in.

It looks so very easy, and it is so very difficult at first.

You will be well advised to change into your oldest flannels, and to seek the shallowest part of the river when you are beginning to learn the intricacies of the art. There are times when you are called upon to decide whether you will remain like a monkey on a stick at the top of the pole, which has apparently taken root at the bottom of the stream, or whether you will stick to the ship and let it go.

While you are making up your mind you will not unlikely take an unpremeditated bathe between the two.

But the novice should have few mishaps if he keeps his wits about him and does not get flustered when a collision appears imminent, and if he gets hold of and masters a few elementary tips such as those given below.

GETTING ON BOARD.

When you are entering the punt she is very liable to glide away from the landing stage and leave you with one foot in the boat and one on the landing stage, with an ever-widening space between. They probably both end up in the water.

This is easily avoided by placing the pole vertically in the water on the far side of the punt before entering it, and letting it drop to the bottom and pinching the side of the craft against the landing stage. Particularly should this be done when you are taking ladies on board, so that no hiatus may be left in which their dresses may get wet.

Many people have a vague idea that you walk up and down the punt when poling it.

This method is sometimes adopted with very heavy ferry punts, but is more similar to what is called on the Norfolk broads "quanting." Here one end of the "quant-pole" is dropped to the bottom from the bows, and the knob at the end of the other is placed against the shoulder while you walk from end to end of the wherry, pushing it away from beneath your feet.

The good punter, on the other hand, will remain standing in the stern, usually on the left hand side of the punt, and will scarcely move the position of his feet at all.

HOW TO USE THE POLE.

The most important thing to remember is that the pole must always be dropped into the water close to the side of the punt, and at an angle, with the top considerably farther forward than the iron-shod bottom.

Also be careful that you are always facing in the same direction as the punt is going; if you turn round to get one last shove on the pole you are practically certain to swing the bows round and send her into the bank.

The steering is done simply by the angle to the side of the punt at which the pole is put in. If you want to bring the bows over to the side on which you are punting—say the left—all you have to do is to press the pole against the side during the stroke, so that the stern is levered across in the opposite direction.

If the bows are to be steered to the right, the pole must be dropped in a few inches away from the side, and dropped obliquely, so that the bottom is under the punt while the top points away from it.

Then while you are shoving the punt forward you pull her stern slightly towards the pole, so that the bows swing round the other way and are now pointing more to the right.

The easiest method of steering, and one which the novice will do well to adopt at first, though the experienced punter would scorn to use it, is to use the pole as a rudder. It should be extended behind the stern of the punt, with about a couple of feet of its length in the water.

By pressing it to the left, the punt may be made to go to the left, while if it is brought across to the right, the bows will swing round to the right.

This method has the great advantage that the punt can be steered without putting any further way on her, which, if you are already making rapidly to the bank, is an important consideration.

THE CHARM OF THE PUNT.

One of the greatest charms of punting is that it can be made a violent or a gentle exercise according to your mood.

If you really set your mind and muscles to it, you can get up an astonishing speed in a punt, especially if it be a racing craft—a narrow strip of a thing only about two feet across. Or you can drift lazily along, propelled by a gentle push now and then, drawing the dripping pole lazily through your fingers, and revelling in the lapping of the water round the sides.

Perhaps the ideal method of using a punt is to fill it with cushions, moor it to the bank, and lie at full length on your back, smoking the pipe of peace, gazing into the leafy canopy overhead, and listening to the ripple of the water and the songs of the birds.

The novice usually contrives to get horribly wet on his first attempt at poling. The expert never lets the water get farther than his wrist, for he draws the pole up with a hand over hand movement so that the water cannot trickle down his arm and drop upon his immaculate white boots.

Lastly let me protest against two kinds of atrocity which are to be found in punts at any regatta or crowded part of the river every day.

TWO PESTS.

One is the person who in a crush will collide with you and then proceed to get his punt straight by shoving off from yours, the result being that you are sent swinging across the river, and however expert you may be, it is easier to get into that position than out of it, if you are surrounded by other craft.

The other objectionable person is he (or more usually she) who paddles a punt from the stern. A punt was essentially meant to be punted, and if you are unable or afraid to do that, it is best to stick to a canoe.

Paddling in a punt is all very well in a backwater, or where you have plenty of room, or, as is sometimes necessary, when the water is too deep to allow your sixteen foot pole to touch bottom, but you have no real control over a punt by this method, and in a crowd you are merely a nuisance.

The converse—punting a Canadian canoe—is a very different thing, and about as fine a trial of skill as you could desire, for you have not only to keep straight the canoe, which answers to every touch, but also to maintain your balance laterally.

A bathing costume is the most satisfactory attire for the first attempt at punting a canoe.

ALAN HAMER.

ETIQUETTE.

XIX. DRINKS.

As in most other things, we have bec
less formal than our grandfathers, a
fathers, in the matter of drinking.

Formerly, much etiquette centred ro
mahogany and the decanters; gentleme
wine" with each other with great ce
and infringements of drinking etiquet
led to duels.

Nowadays we are not only convivial,
formal; nevertheless, a man can still sh
good or ill breeding when Bacchus is
chair.

Should it ever be your good fortune
your health proposed at a dinner or oth
tion, remember that you must remain
when the other men rise to do you honou
may seem a superfluous caution, but mo
once I have seen a man rise and join in d
his own health.

What I have said applies equally wh
health is included in that of a number o
persons. Thus, if you are a guest at a
dinner, and the toast of the "Guests" n
posed, you and all your fellow guests r
main seated while the toast is drunk.

When you are one of the toasters, you
turn towards the toasted, bow, raise you
to your lips, and say "Your health (or ve
health), Mr. ——." In case of a gener
such as "The Guests," you should rep
words "The (or our) Guests," toast the p
guest present, and any guests in your
diate neighbourhood.

Speeches scarcely come within the s
this article, but I may mention that i
upon for a speech, you should always,
ladies are present or not, address the ch
first. Thus, the usual formula is "Mr.
man, Ladies and Gentlemen."

Now as to ordinary "wining," at dinn
ties and so forth. What you do at a b
function is your own affair, but when
are present you can scarcely be too mode
There is an annoying type of host wh
you what you will drink. This is all r
the case of intimate friends, when you kn
resources of their cellar, and the customs
house, but it is an embarrassing questio
you are lunching or dining with comp
strangers.

Indeed, it is a question that should n
put, and when you are playing the ho
should always let your guests know wh
have to offer them, and thus save them
rassment.

Supposing, however, that this question
to you, what are you to answer, again
ing you are not a teetotaler? Well, if th
wine on the table or prominently displa
the sideboard, and you like wine, by all
ask for it. Failing such indications,
you may take it that your host really
will you have beer or whisky and soda, a
swer accordingly.

Formerly the diner-out found a form
array of wine-glasses by his side, and the
agement of these gave some trouble
novice.

Nowadays the usual glasses (in addi
the tumbler) are a large deep one for
pagne, burgundy, claret, and other wines
throughout a meal, a smaller one for po
other after dinner wines, with perhaps a
small glass for the preliminary sherry. If
to help yourself or a lady, you cannot go
if you remember that the big wine-glass
the staple wine of the meal, and that the
potent the liquor the smaller the glas
which it should be poured.

Spirits are usually drunk from tumbler
many men think that a whisky and soda
all the better from a big wine-glass, and I
with them.

The fashion of drinking healths or pro
toasts at private entertainments is quite
date, save on such special occasions as
ding or birthday party.

E. H. H.

PLETE SHORT STORY.

By R. D. CROMBIE.

came along the rutted track at gallop, his head bare to the f the Canadian sun.
inutes he was within hearing of shed dwelling enclosed within gs, themselves white, and looking orld like a cattle market in an ry town.
s of song with which Collins had himself came to an end with his a stentorian yell took their place. shouted on a sustained note of his partner Harry Dunn came from e house.
g, Collins threw the reins on the smacked its haunches, and the l away and through an open gate grazing land.
" asked Dunn.
it is," laughed Collins, and slung rs at him with all his force.
" Dunn controlled disappointment effort.
ho was evidently in jolly mood, advance, scratched his head and there was one, but that he must the post-office counter.
Dunn strode up to him, a man ensions of a Hercules, and seized form of his chum in a mastering g him as if he were the living f the exclamation he had just used. free, Collins put out a pacifying ith the other brought out a letter, ceeded to examine with exasperat-

nan's writing," he said, as if proud cuity. "I'm disappointed in you, bolted to Canada to escape their , but now any fool can see you've your whereabouts be——"
n!" said Dunn. "Drop gassing. e mater, of course. You know been another woman in my life but

pitulated and handed it over. The t Harry Dunn had for his mother ange to him.
lf, the mails brought amorous mes- no less than three girls at home, f whom understood that their ll" had emigrated to the Wilds to tune for her sake. As a matter of portunities of an army of creditors him forth, but that was too un- talk about.
t into the homestead to read his fter a decent interval Collins fol- never liked to have his eyes on his the perusal of this only communica- me. Once he had seen him with a

The Recompense

convulsive head buried on an arm, and Dunn was an unemotional man most times.

When he entered, Dunn rose to his feet briskly, as though to put an end to an unhappy soliloquy, and took up the roll of paper from the table.

"Now, let's have a look at what we've got here," he said. "Summer numbers, by Jove! And reproductions of the year's successes at the Academy."

"What I never could understand," observed Collins, whose tongue was rarely still, "is how a hulking devil like you can be content to live without women. Here we are, a matter of a score of miles from even a sight of one and an appalling lot they are too that we do see. Ain't y' ever been in love?"

"Scores of times," said Dunn absently.

"Liar!" commented Collins amiably.

"Never, then, if you like,"

"Liar again!"

"Dry up!" and another leaf was turned.

Collins swung a leg and whistled cheerfully.

"Once—just once," he observed later. "And you took it pretty bad."

Dunn looked up from where he was seated, and in his eyes glowed a slumbering fire.

"Will, my lad," he said quietly, "I don't want to think you're a nosing little swine."

"Help!" muttered Collins, who saw he had gone too far. Then to conciliate his friend he went and stood at his shoulder, looking over it at the illustrated paper.

Suddenly Dunn sprang to his feet, sending his chair and Collins spinning.

"Lord God!" he said, and his mouth was open and terror had petrified his face. He stood in a contorted attitude like a man writhing under the power of a galvanic battery.

"Cid man," Collins said, clutching his arm. "Whatever's the matter."

Dunn shook him free and passed a hand over his face. An attack of shivering, and he sank in a huddled heap to the floor.

Frightened almost out of his wits, Collins darted for some brandy, lugged up the lead-heavy shoulders, and held the cup to the chattering teeth.

The raw spirit seemed to be effectual. Dunn climbed slowly to his feet, muttering something about it being all right now.

Collins watched him with concern for a moment or two as he sat with lowered head; then he looked curiously at the paper on the table. Palpably some news he had read there had shocked him like this.

But all he saw was the reproductions of the Academy pictures, four on a page.

Dunn put a hand—which still was trembling—into a pocket, found his handkerchief and wiped his face. Then, as if with a stupendous effort of will, he took up the paper again.

"Will," he said after a long, long time. "Look at that picture and tell me what you think of it."

His finger indicated which he meant as he passed the paper over.

The picture was entitled "The Recompense." It depicted a man in an ill-furnished room, standing upright, a revolver pressed firmly to his temple, and on his face the blight of failure mingled with the grim resolve of self-destruction. Behind him, vague as vapour, was a woman's form, only the face of which was clearly shown. On that face was appeal, pity and great love.

But in the picture was also something that staggered Collins. He looked from it to Dunn and back again.

"Harry," he said in a voice of awe, "the face is yours."

"Yes, it's mine," agreed Dunn tonelessly, then a cackling laugh followed. "And the situation was mine, only I hadn't the pluck to pull the trigger."

"And the woman behind?" breathed his chum.

"Is married," said Dunn with a wretched attempt at unconcern.

"That was it, eh?"

"Yes." Dunn glanced up quickly. "But there was nothing sordid about it. No jilting and broken hearts or any of that blasted rot. She was married when I knew her. We met too late, that's all. He was good to her and—that made things impossible. She couldn't play false to a man such as he was. Neither could I. She sent me away. She saw I was going mad, I think. And she asked me to be brave—for her sake."

He was silent, and Collins knew that the worst was to come. A shake of the shoulders, as if discarding a load, and Dunn went on:

"I was brave for a time. Then I went to pieces. Will, my lad"—he lifted wild eyes—"I played hell, absolute flaming hell; gambling, drink. You know the game. But——"

His voice took on a strange ring of triumph.

"But never women, Will. Never that. There was no heroism in it because I didn't fancy them. But I was hungry. Lord, I was hungry. Hungry for her. And it drove me to that—that picture."

"And then?"

"Then I came here. I told the mater all about it. She was a woman of the same sort, and I couldn't leave her without letting her understand. The only thing I kept from her was the woman's name. I changed my own"—he laughed. "Dunn seemed comically appropriate—and—and, well, that's the story."

"H-m!" Collins ruminated. Now that he knew he felt no surprise. Some men were like that—staked their all on a throw, and lost.

* * * * * * *

That night Collins was awakened by the violent shaking of his shoulder.

"Will! Will!" Dunn's voice was alive with excitement.

"Hullo?" Collins groaned and sat up.

"How did she know I had come to that? I never told her."

"Come to what?" No answer, and Will pulled himself together. "Oh, you mean the shooter. Bless you," he added sententiously, "women know everything—when they love a man."

Dunn shook him again.

"Can't you see?" he said. "Can't you see what it means? Her husband's dead."

"Here, I say!" protested Collins, "don't shove so much!"

"He's dead," went on Dunn eagerly, "and that's her way of letting me know. She could always paint. I told her she could make her name at it if she tried. And she'd guess that wherever I was, I should see the Academy pictures."

This subtlety was a bit beyond Collins, but he stifled an argumentative impulse.

"I'm off to England," said Dunn. "Come on; get up and see me off."

"Now?"

"Yes, now! Man, d'you think I can waste a minute?"

"Oh, you extremists!" came contemptuously from his friend, but he obeyed and dressed.

An hour or two later he had seen Dunn off from Edmonton, the latter promising to cable results immediately on arrival.

"The selfish old devil!" said Collins to himself, as the waving hand and then the train disappeared from his sight. But there was a lump in his throat nevertheless, and the suspense of the ensuing fortnight nearly drove him distracted.

If Dunn had made a mistake there was another heart going to crack in Alberta.

The message came and it read: "I was right. God bless you. We shall both visit you soon."

Collins's ejaculations were peculiarly his own.

"Idiot! Thank heaven! Visit me soon, will he? The liar!" Then he sighed.

"If only their damned sentiment didn't hurt anybody but themselves, I shouldn't care."

But he cabled cordial congratulations.

Campaigning Tips:-

AN ARTICLE FOR TERRITORIALS.

By "CHINSTRAP."

Territorials are "campaigning" all over the country, and although the conditions of peace manœuvres can only approximate to those of the real thing, I hope that the following tips, which are founded on some practical experience, will be found useful to men out for training, especially to those who have the sense to take their work seriously, and voluntarily to forego luxuries and comforts which they certainly would not get in time of war. The usual mistake made by the young campaigner is to overload himself with equipment. Military outfitters lure him into buying all sorts of patent articles for use in camp, and often it would take a pantechnicon to carry his accumulation of space-saving *bric-à-brac*. He reminds me of nothing so much as the angler who goes a-fishing armed with expensive rods, gigantic fly-books, patent landing nets and other paraphernalia sufficient to stock a fishing-tackle maker's shop and catches nothing, while the small boy with a worm on a bent pin pulls 'em out by the dozen.

THE MINIMUM.

The latter has the essentials, and it is to essentials that the experienced campaigner reduces his outfit.

At the same time, if it is silly to stock yourself up with folding beds, telescopic tables, collapsible baths and other things that you would never be allowed to cart about with you in war, it is equally a mistake to imagine that campaigning necessarily means discomfort.

Your "old hand" takes precious good care to make himself as comfortable as possible, and in this he shows himself not only a sensible man, but a good soldier, for the better care you take of yourself the fitter will you be for your business of fighting.

I mention this point because among indispensable campaigning articles of equipment I should give a high place to an air-cushion or pillow. I daresay that sounds pretty effeminate, but an air cushion is going to make all the difference to your rest by night or day.

PILLOWS.

It is all very well to talk of pillowing your head on your arm, or your saddle or your knapsack, but these make dashed uncomfortable pillows, and you sleep badly, and wake tired, unrefreshed, and more or less done up before the day's work begins.

An air-cushion takes up very little space, weighs next to nothing, and so far from being a luxury I am sure any old campaigner would describe it as a necessity.

Then a waterproof sheet is also an essential. Even if you are sleeping in a tent with a wooden flooring you will be wise to put a waterproof sheet under your blankets or mattress, while if sleeping in the open, it is indispensable, especially in damp weather.

But at all times a waterproof sheet is a sensible precaution when camping out, and there is nothing unmanly in taking care of your health—on the contrary, it is your duty as a soldier to do so.

Incidentally, when sleeping on the ground it is a good tip to hollow out a slight depression for your right or left hip—depends which side you sleep on—to rest in, and also another little "bed" for your right or left arm and elbow.

Remember, too, the old advice "Keep your feet warm, and your head cool," and roll yourself in your blankets so that your feet cannot slip out from under them, should you turn in your sleep.

Even in England and in summer time it is a good plan to wear a "cholera belt," especially by night. A "cholera belt" is simply a flannel or woollen belt worn round the stomach and next the skin; you can buy it ready-made—and pay a good deal for it—but a strip of flannel about six inches wide fastened with a safety pin will answer all practical purposes, only mind that the flannel or wool is what it purports to be.

As a rule, you can safely discard your "cholera belt" during the day, but it is not a bad plan to have two belts, a thick one for wear between sun-down and sun-up, and a thinner one for use through the day.

STAVING OFF CHILLS.

Whatever you do, don't wear a "cholera belt" one night when it is cold, and leave it off the next because it happens to be warm. That would simply be to invite those chills on the liver and other internal organs which it is the use of the "cholera belt" to avert.

As with the air-cushion, there is nothing effeminate in wearing a "cholera belt"—indeed you are no campaigner if you don't.

With regard to feeding utensils, have at least one enamelled iron or tin plate, and guard it as you would your honour, for it will make a tremendous lot of difference to your comfort at meals.

There are many kinds of patent combined knife, fork, and spoon arrangements, and on the whole they are all right, but get a strong, serviceable article, and not a toy.

A small lantern is useful, and it should have a talc window instead of glass. A pocket electric torch is also invaluable, especially when, as usual, the matches get lost.

A TEST FOR DRINKING-WATER.

Water is not the serious question in England that it is in countries like India or Africa, still you can hardly be too careful what water you drink. Boiling is the best safeguard against impure water, but then water that has been boiled is not particularly pleasant to drink—at least, without anything in it—and a good rough test is to drop a crystal or two of permanganate of potash into a sample of the suspected water. If the mixture remains pink, then the water is reasonably safe, but if it turns brown then it certainly is unfit for drinking purposes, without boiling.

To keep water cool, the best plan is to wrap the bottle or whatever it is in round with flannel, and drench it with water—the resulting evaporation will ensure you a fairly cool drink even on the hottest of days.

Mosquitoes are not the plague here that they are in other countries, but they are not unknown—a few drops of eucalpytus sprinkled on or about your pillow will often keep them away.

SUN.

Don't play the fool with the sun—there is nothing clever in getting your head or neck so burnt and blistered that you cannot bear to wear a hat or a collar, and remember that the back of the neck especially requires protection. Remember, too, that the sun is often most powerful on a dull day.

Finally, it is one thing to be a "featherbed" soldier, and to make yourself a laughing stock by importing all sorts of unnecessary luxuries into camp; but it is a very different thing to make yourself as comfortable as you can and to take care of yourself.

OUR HANDY MAN.

THE WAYS OF WILLIAM.

William Welcome was an ordinary village labourer with a seemingly unlimited capacity for beer.

He had an aged mother who was something of a local character.

The village was one of those which are cursed with many ancient charities, and nobody needs to work in the winter months in consequence. William, however, condescended to take on a job in the spring—"provided," said his mother, "it was not too hard!"

He had his own ideas of gardening. The ground was either too damp or too dry, and in the intervals of waiting for it to attain a proper consistency, William would lie down under the hedge, having thoughtfully provided himself with a big can of his favourite beverage, and go to sleep.

His siesta sometimes lasted all day. But this was better than his hedging. After he had pruned the creeper until there was little left to creep, and after he had ruthlessly broken down a rose tree which was the glory of the porch, we thought we would set him other work.

So he set about shaving the lawn to a convict-like closeness, and threw away our choicest bulbs.

His mother said there was nothing William could not do. Whereat we marvelled.

"That handy with his fingers," she said he was.

He stood by while we put up the kennel and fowl-houses.

But he said he knew how to clean out the well. We believed him, but with disastrous results.

He lost his head while at the bottom, and someone had to descend to his rescue.

He was courageous enough to go on to the roof and remove a tile in the search for a starling's nest, but he was quite unable to put the tile on again.

He was afraid of the dogs, but said he understood poultry thoroughly, even to the showing of prize exhibits. We were just in time to prevent him from cutting off the feathers of the legs of our booted bantams.

He didn't much like horses, he said, but for recreation he would take the goat on a string and lead it about the lanes.

It was a trouble to get him to clean the windows—"glass was that brittle," he would observe.

As for the knives, he was afraid of cutting himself, having so much to do with the edge on account of lockjaw!

His mother kept an "all sorts" shop in the village, and William thought it incumbent on us to buy everything she sold. He even went so far as to inform us that banana skins boiled blacking for boots hollow. Of course his mother was to reap the benefit.

As time went on, he fell in love with one of the household, his daily offerings at the shrine of his "little lady" taking the shape of bunches bouquets of spring onions.

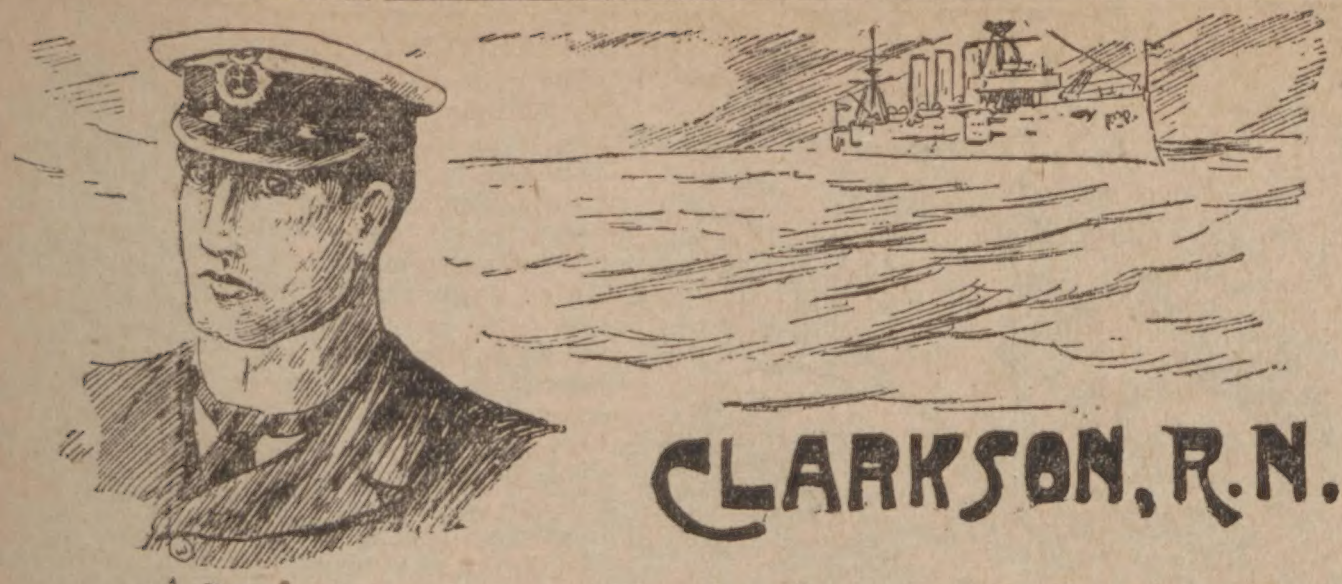
His knowledge of carpentry was, as we have said, absolutely nil, but he volunteered to make a cage for the mongoose. For all we know, that mongoose is still wandering in our neighbour's woods.

We stood him for some time, but when he came to his efforts at amateur farriery, during which he lamed our best nag, to sleeping in the loft with his pipe alight, because it was rather chilly out of doors, and to sitting up in the grounds at dead of night with a gun to shoot the rabbits and rats that infested the place, we thought it was about time to tell William that his services would be dispensed with.

William Welcome took the highest credentials with him, and is now in the service of our hereditary foe.

But William had a faithful heart; for some little while after he left us the spring onions wilted on the doorstep every morning.

CHARLES WARREN.



CLARKSON, R.N.

A NAVAL SKETCH.

By J. C. CHAMBERS.

"Good Lord, cocky, who the deuce would have thought of seein' you, and what might be your general scheme for the rest of the day?"

I turned round to find it was my friend Jimmy Clarkson, R.N., rolling around my seaport town in his best shore-going rig, enjoying himself immensely, but doubtless wishing it was Portsmouth—Old Pompey, the free and easy. Outside in the bay lay a miscellaneous collection of H.M. Channel Fleet with the sun shining on its grey-painted hulls, and the said H.M. Channel Fleet was showing itself off in its peaceful guise to an admiring, if cheeky, seaside town.

It happened that Clarkson, R.N., was an old friend of mine. This, I presume, provided an excuse for his crushing my hand in his massive muscular paw, half severing my back with a friendly slap, and being generally, but painfully effusive.

"I'm off on the steam pinnace at 12.30, unless the local splosh is too strong," he confided to me, "and this bein' our Visitors' Day there's no reason why you shouldn't make one of the happy party, and arrive in the style of a Post Captain. Our snotty" (this, I believe, means midshipman) "is all right and you'll cotton to him. Unofficially he's a gent. Officially he's sometimes an interferin' nuisance, but that don't matter. I'm in a tin pot now. We call her the 'Sardine,' and her official ratin' is a torpedo gunboat—returned from a fishery protection commission, and consequently but a speck in the mighty array of steel and iron that lies outside the bay to show the British taxpayer exactly the sort of thing that he's payin' the extra ha'penny on whisky and baccy for. You wouldn't think the Admiralty would stoop so low as to want to show the Public what they're buyin', would you? But though they don't advertise the fact, that's the general idea, and we have unofficial instructions to be particularly polite to the ignorant visitors who come out on the shillin' trip tugs, and don't know the engine-room from the conning tower. But, don't let's sail under false colours. I don't mean you, sir. I took you over the *Prismatic* in '07, so of course you reckon you know all about it."

I caught the note of sarcasm, and nodded blandly, but I knew I could never "know all about it" unless I was suddenly and miraculously endowed entirely with the technical knowledge of a Post Captain, and the acute perception of an Engine-room Artificer.

I carefully saw to it that the "splosh" should not be too stormy for Clarkson, R.N., and at half past twelve punctually I found myself, half thrown into the white painted bows of a steam pinnace, that plunged about in the swell outside the landing stage of the pier, and attempted to break its pipe-clayed painter in vain.

Then the pinnace was turned seawards, and, amid much puffing and an unnecessary amount of smoke from the funnel, we were buffeted about in a particularly choppy sea, while the spray flung itself aboard generally and whistled through the midshipman's curls—curls which he confided to me he attempted to flatten with brilliantine daily, but with no success. He objected, it appeared, to the nickname of "Curly."

To mount the ladder of even a tin pot torpedo gunboat known unofficially as the "Sardine," is no easy thing in a choppy sea, but as Providence kindly saw to it that I should have one foot on the "Sardine's" ladder, ere the steam pinnace dipped with the swell, I had cause to be thankful.

Clarkson and the Midshipman only, came aboard with me. It appeared that "Curly" had surreptitiously commandeered the steam pinnace from a battleship that pounded on us near by, and he had an elaborate lie ready in case he was asked questions, which is a way they have in the Navy. But it is not the sin of deceit, it is only just youth, who prefers to do things he should not, and thus get a little excitement out of life.

"They reckon us of no account, you see," said Clarkson, R.N., and it meant pinchin' the pinnace or gettin' a lazy boat's crew to row us ashore, and our visit to the Town was not official, as you might say, hence our tactics."

Resource being the leading characteristic of the Navy, I showed no surprise when "Curly" added that they had persuaded the steam pinnace's engineer that they required the spluttering little boat as special messengers of their captain. It was all in the day's work.

Then I delivered myself over to the care of Clarkson, whose rank was that of an Engine-room Artificer, and while the crowds were landing from tugs into the big battleships, I had this "little" torpedo gunboat all to myself, and walked round with Clarkson, attempting to absorb one-tenth of the detailed information he rattled off to me.

He mazed me gradually with technical explanations of the general scheme of the condenser, the way that salt water was literally scooped up from the sea and converted into fresh water for drinking purposes.

He alarmed me by giving a harrowing description of exactly what would happen should an inch tubing crack in the great boilers that have four distinct fires even in the torpedo gunboat, which is a greyhound built affair, narrow enough, but how powerful!

In the engine-room I walked on narrow pathways of iron between machinery that, luckily, was still. I could imagine it working at high pressure, and thus I could admire the men, brave in their unobtrusive way, who could walk nonchalantly along those narrow iron plates when only bare half-inches separated them from a seething hornet's nest of machinery, in which they were not afraid to plunge their hands to oil here or to tighten a nut there. And Clarkson, R.N., who was joking to me about it, was one of these!

"Well, this is not precisely up to the latest Navy pattern," he would say, displaying some new marvel in the machinery, wherefore I wondered how much better the "latest Navy pattern" could possibly be, and, wandering among the ordered Might that showed itself on all sides on this mere unit of the Navy, something tingled through my veins, and made me tighten my lips with a smile of semi-contempt and say to myself: "Who dare fling down the gauntlet to Us?"

"Oh, we take our chance!" said Clarkson casually, when I had asked him for the twentieth time in that saunter round the engine-room how he dared take the risks he did. There is that fatalism in the Navy, and even in times of peace it is the Clarksons of the engine-room who are ever "taking their chance."

Therefore when I see one of H.M. Battleships steaming past the bay far out at sea, I look at it very respectfully, for, as Mr. Kipling says, "Men live there," but the bravest of them all are in the engine-room below the water line!

SLANG.

We owe a good deal of our slang to India and our soldiers there. For instance, the word "loot" is from the Hindustani "lut," plunder; and again the word "pucka," used in the sense of first-rate, comes from "pakka," meaning ripe. The word really indicates something solid or substantial. Pucka bricks are those burnt in a kiln, the word "kutcha," or soft, being applied to those baked by the sun.

"Swank" is really from the Scottish. A "swankie" is a supple, active, strapping young fellow. Hence it is now used in the sense of "swagger" or "side." The word is practically of quite recent use as English slang.

To "kid" a person in the sense of deceiving or imposing upon him, came about through kid gloves being as often as not made of leather, got up in imitation of true kid, the skin of the young goat.

"Cut the cackle and come to the 'osses," was first the impatient exclamation of an illiterate old showman who got tired of the long-winded peroration of his ringmaster in introducing a new circus turn to the audience.

Creditors are called "duns" from a famous bailiff named Joseph Dunn. At least this is the popular supposition, but the old Saxon word "dunan" meant to clamour.

"To draw the longbow" is a relic of the good old days when Englishmen were the marksmen of the world with the longbow, and no doubt the term arose from human nature's inclination to boast of one's own prowess overmuch.

"By long chalks" or "by a long chalk" dates from the days when merit over other competitors was signalised by a longer mark than the others with chalk.

"Sling your hook" or "hook it" was originally the appropriate command of a foreman of cotton storage labourers, when he was dismissing one of his gang, on the spot, for some reason or another. The men move the bales of cotton about with strong hooks, and, on quitting work, "sling their hooks" up, just as other workmen "hand in their checks" or tallies.

"Taking the cake" comes from the reward offered to coons in a cake-walk competition. "Taking the biscuit" and "taking the whole shop" are merely variations of this.

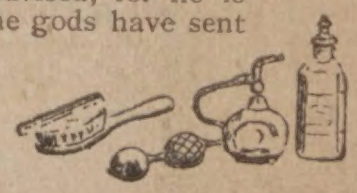
A MAN'S COSMETICS.

There are some people who laugh at a man if he stocks his toilet with those little aids to beauty or comfort which are generally supplied to him by his hairdresser; but these things—luxuries though they unquestionably are—add very greatly to one's comfort.

To have a good scent spray, and to use it after you have gone through the daily rasp, is distinctly refreshing and comforting to the skin.

So also it is worth while to put some sort of dressing on your hair, not only because that makes it lie flat and trim, but also for the cooling effect produced.

There are some men who carry toilet fitments to excess, and have in front of their mirror an assortment of bottles and boxes that would do credit to the dressing-table of any post-card professional beauty. Everything has its extremes and its limits, but the man who uses toilet accessories in moderation is well advised, for he is availing himself of the goods the gods have sent him.



From our Readers

WARMTH IN LETTER-WRITING.

The art of letter-writing, at which our grandfathers excelled, is sadly on the wane in these days of hustle and worry.

No one now has time to write long letters such as once were the fashion, and the easy communication of to-day—the telephone, the telegraph, the penny post, and the facilities for travel given by railways and motor-cars combine with the newspapers to render the writing of long letters unnecessary.

The writing of a good letter is an art that cannot be acquired until the writer gets into the habit of reading every letter after he has written it.

A letter written in the most cordial spirit will often read very differently when it reaches its destination. There is a frigidity and coldness about the written word that the tone of the voice would remove if it were spoken.

For this reason it is always well to put additional warmth into the phraseology of your letter.

Words and phrases that might sound ridiculous if spoken, and which may appear unnecessarily effusive to you as you write them, will often do no more than convey the natural warmth of your sentiments to the friend who reads your letter.

FINDING YOUR STIRRUP.

One of the difficulties with which the novice in horsemanship is faced is that of recovering his stirrups when he has allowed his feet to drop out of them.

There are times when even the most expert horseman loses his stirrups, and it is necessary for your comfort and safety that you should know how to find them again.

When the beginner loses a stirrup, he generally lifts his foot up and pokes blindly for it, hitting the stirrup leather every time with his toe, instead of the stirrup itself.

When you lose a stirrup, all you have to do is to raise your toe a little and push the foot slightly forward. Remember that the stirrup is hanging just where it hung before, and if you lift your foot too high, you cannot expect to get it again. While you are feeling for the stirrup, you must of course ride simply by grip, and to be prepared for such an emergency as this, it is quite necessary that you should know how to ride without stirrups altogether.

The best way to acquire this art is to ride a trotting horse bareback, or with only a numnah on it. Anybody can sit a cantering horse without stirrups, but to trot without stirrups is a much more difficult matter, nor is the art to be acquired without considerable discomfort; but it is well worth acquiring, for besides the accident of your foot slipping out of the stirrup, there might befall you the more serious one of the stirrup leather breaking.

A man cannot consider himself a finished horseman till he can trot without using the stirrups at all, when he can do that, he will have small difficulty in finding his stirrups, if he temporarily loses them.

GET WHAT YOU WANT.

Very often, either as a matter of business or of mere curiosity, you want to get hold of some information, and perhaps you know of some man who should be capable of giving it to you.

If you feel that you will be taking something of a liberty in asking him, the usual preliminary is to stand him a drink or ask him to lunch with you, or in some way to endeavour to make him your debtor.

But many men will go through such preliminaries as these, and then, either from nervousness or possibly forgetfulness, will omit to ask the very question of which they were anxious to know the answer.

The only man who succeeds in this life is he

who makes up his mind at the outset to get what he wants, and even in small details such as these he will ask his man point-blank for what he wants to know instead of beating about the bush.

Ask a man to lunch or drink with you by all means, but do not put off the important question till the last minute. Get in with it at the beginning and get your answer, and then you may give the other man time during the rest of your conversation to give you much further information that may be of use.

It is the people who do not insist upon getting what they want who make the fortunes of tradesmen. Many a man will go into a shop with a clear idea of what he wants, and on explaining it to the man behind the counter will be told, "I am afraid we have not got it in stock at present, sir; we shall be having one in to-morrow. But we have a new line here which is a great improvement, and I am sure it would answer your purpose quite as well."

Then the buyer will take the substitute that is "just as good," and as often as not he will find it absolutely useless for his purpose. He should have insisted on getting exactly what he wanted, either from that shop or from another which could supply his needs.

THE "NEEDLE."

Have you ever experienced the "needle"?

It is a most extraordinary sensation known to most athletes and to oarsmen in particular.

The "needle" is the name given to it at the 'Varsities; what it is called elsewhere, I cannot say.

It is simply a trick of the nerves, and it makes you feel as if you had left your inside behind somewhere, as you do when you start to descend in a particularly quick lift.

It is simply due to nervousness, and I have experienced it before ordeals of various kinds—before a boat race, a big rifle match, even before an important exam., or a visit to the dentist.

Even the strongest-nerved man is liable to it, and I have known many athletes whose long experience and tried prowess have not relieved them from it before a "big thing."

The only way to cure it or to avoid it is to occupy your thoughts with something else. Read some particularly engrossing book or put in an extra good spell of work when you feel it coming on.

A CHANCE FOR EVERYONE.

This page is reserved for paragraphs from our readers. They must have a bit of dash and appeal to *men*.

Each week we pay 10s. for the best, and 5s. for every other used.

Send us something really fresh. We can't and won't use dull stuff.

Don't exceed 250 words, use a postcard if you like, and never mind about literary style; we'll put that right.

Don't worry about dates. If your paragraph is too late for one issue, we shall consider it for the next.

Address all paragraphs to the Paragraph Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

Under no circumstances can paragraphs be returned to the writers.

This week the first prize goes to Mr. Henry H. Worth, 4, North Street, St. James', Bristol, for "Cupid v. Sport."

A CHEAP AND NEAT BOOKPLATE.

The man who is fond of his books, whether they be many or few, likes to have some mark upon them to show they are his.

The common method of writing one's name on the fly-leaf, however neatly it be done, seems in some way to disfigure the book, and the ordinary rubber stamp is very little better.

In all large libraries, and in many small ones, as you may have noticed, the books are marked with a "book-plate" or an "*ex-libris*"—so called because the inscription is usually "*Ex libris Joanni* Jones," which being interpreted means "One of the books of John Jones."

This bookplate is simply a label stuck on the inside of the cover, and is usually adorned with the owner's coat of arms or some design.

An engraved bookplate, however, costs a sovereign or so, apart from the number of copies printed from it, and is an unnecessary expense for the man with a few books.

For him its place it best taken by an ordinary visiting card.

You can get these printed for two shillings a hundred or even less, for the thinner the cards the better for your purpose.

These can be gummed in the centre of the inside of the cover and make a neat bookplate.

The distinguishing mark, whether it be label or written name, should always be affixed to the hard cover, and not to the fly leaf, for the latter is easily torn out by that by no means rare individual, the book-thief.

CUPID V. SPORT.

Many fellows, when they meet "the right girl," are apt to allow the tender passion to run away with them.

Their interest in their favourite sport slackens, and, in too many cases, dies out altogether.

The reply to the query "Where's Jones lately?" is often "Oh! he's got a girl." Despite the pleadings of the fair one to "give up that dangerous football, or cricket; you are sure to get hurt," don't give up your participation in sport.

Any girl worth her salt will secretly admire the man who refuses to give up entirely the games which he feels help to make a true man of him, despite her expressed wish and the absence necessary for such participation invariably makes the heart grow fonder.

No one will take more pride and pleasure in any honour or trophies won than your sweetheart, if she be one of the right sort.

MARY ANNS.

Most tradesmen have to deal at some time or another with the masculine "Mary Ann," but probably none more often than the tailor.

"Mary Ann" is the name we give them in the trade. They will come and be measured for a suit and give the most minute instructions to the cutter. They will spend as much time choosing a material as a woman would over buying a yard of chiffon.

Then an hour or two later, or perhaps the next day, when the stuff is already cut, they will rush frantically in and say they have considered the matter most carefully, and have come to the conclusion that the slit in the coat had better be ten inches instead of nine and a half and that they will have six buttons instead of five on the waistcoat.

As likely as not they will come in the following day and explain that after having spent a sleepless night over it, they have decided to have five buttons after all, but the slit must be reduced to eight inches.

The fitting of the suit is a terrible business, but fortunately the Mary Ann is usually not difficult to get round.

I pacify him by sticking pins and chalk marks all over him, and taking them out when he has gone.

And it is always possible to persuade him that a nine and a half inch slit, or whatever it may be, is just what is being worn in his part of the world at the moment.

TROOPER KERNAHAN VERSUS ALL GERMANY.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

Lying at full length on a grassy eminence that commanded a full and sweeping view of the plain below, Trooper Kernahan, parting the stems of tall, coarse sand grass, viewed the mounted advance guard of the enemy winding, in a formation of half sections, through the green carpeted dip in the cliff country, until there remained only the tail of the snake body to disappear, apparently, into the westerly hills.

It was a pretty sight—but some instinct of the fighting man made Trooper Kernahan finger his rifle lovingly. . . . . If it was all real, and a few snipers were in the position he now held, how they could harass that advance guard!

Trooper Kernahan smiled, and then, discovering he felt thirsty, he tipped his forage cap on to the back of his neck to keep off the rays of the broiling, pitiless July sun, and took a leisurely pull at his water bottle.

The last of the enemy, who were officially "C" and "D" Squadrons of the K.O.R.R.B.Y. —working in opposition to "A" and Kernahan's beloved "B" Squadron—disappeared behind the broken shoulder of the hillside, but Trooper Kernahan showed no desire to move.

Now, the county of Blankshire possesses an easterly coast line, upon which the Gentlemen-over-the-Way are believed to have their weather eye, and in spite of all the unpleasant things said about the War Office, the "effete aristocracy" in charge thereof know it. In addition, there is not an officer in the King's Own Blankshire Yeomanry who has not a minute knowledge of the County, and, most particularly, of its vulnerable parts.

Wherefore it falls upon the King's Own to expend a considerable amount of time in certain manœuvres in the neighbourhood of these weak spots, and while all Blankshire looks on and scoffs, the Regiment quietly continues with these unofficial dress rehearsals of a Play which it behoves the whole world to pray may never be staged. And it is the minds of the thoroughly English gentlemen who hold commissions in the Blankshires that the men may be relied upon to take their part well when the curtain rises on the first act, should the scene be the county of Blankshire.

Trooper Kernahan, viewing the landscape round, mused on these things, and discovered characteristically that as it seemed necessary to retain this highly advantageous position, a pipe of tobacco would go a long way towards making it comfortable for him. Whatever narrow-minded regulations might say against smoking on duty, Kernahan salved his conscience with the reflection that a pipe of tobacco did but sharpen his wits.

He had managed to creep thus far unobserved. He was working now with Captain Kellett's Scouts, a body of men selected out of "B" Squadron mainly because of their minute knowledge of the country, and their ability to act swiftly and upon their own unerring initiative when occasion required.

Captain Kellett, sternest of disciplinarians, stretched a point in the case of his Scouts and treated them more as men and brothers—excusing most things but stupidity, which is unpardonable in a Scout of the King's Own.

Kernahan saw no need to fall back and report the passing of "C" and "D's" advance guard, because he knew that the direction they were taking would but lead them beautifully into the arms of "A" and "B's" main body. Captain Kellett's Scouts never worked "by the book." On the sight of the "enemy's" distinctive slouch hats the "book" rule makes it clear that Trooper Kernahan should have fallen back and reported, but it was not characteristic of the young man to return with a mild tale of this sort, especially as he knew their advance would be welcomed. It was a waste of time—and a refreshing pipe of tobacco!

Through a gap in the hills, Trooper Kernahan caught another glimpse of that winding line. What a mark they made!

Instinctively Trooper Kernahan picked up his rifle, and he sighted it up to the twelve hundred yards. That position of his on the hillock, Kernahan reflected with the true strategic artist's enthusiasm, was simply immense! Around him were high clumps of gorse that sheltered him from observation on all sides, but before him the view was clear. . . . Trooper Kernahan pressed the rifle butt into his shoulder and again took fanciful aim.

"Given the ammunition," he mused aloud, "and the real enemy passing through that defile, I could just about polish off a regiment—or all Germany for that matter. Lordy, what a place for a snipe!"

Immediately there was a stirring in the gorse patch behind him, and a gruff voice said:

"Oh, no, Mr. Kernahan; you'd have been dead ten minutes ago!"

Kernahan "jumped" and turned round to find an evilly smiling man of "D" Squadron practically standing over him. And that man was Bremmel—Otto Bremmel—an English-born son of German parents, known pretty generally as "Mein Herr" in the King's Own.

"Mein Herr," said Kernahan suavely, "you have me at a decided disadvantage."

"You are right, my friendt." Even the years spent in an English school had failed to kick the distinct trace of German accent out of Otto Bremmel. His countenance was Teutonic, his manner unmistakably so, but to call him a "German" seemed to insult him. He bore "Mein Herr" with protesting fortitude.

"But I was born in England—I am English," he would say, "quite English."

Trooper Kernahan, lying on the ground at a "decided disadvantage," as he put it, thought not of these things. It was all very humiliating.

Undoubtedly he turned over to this "D" Squadron man as prisoner, which was far from palatable—but to be beaten by a "foreigner"!

"Damn!" said Kernahan at length.

He saw no way out of the difficulty by the rules of the game, and no game is worth playing unless one abides by the rules. Suddenly he looked up at his captor.

Trooper Bremmel's face was very red, and he seemed a trifle wild about the eyes.

"Remember," he said unsteadily, "you are my prisoner."

Finishing his sentence with a little gasp, Trooper Bremmel, who held his slouch hat in his hand, sat down very suddenly, and his rifle dropped with him.

"Give me some water," he said. "It's the sun. I am hot."

Kernahan unstrapped the enemy's water bottle.

"You must be a blinkin' idiot not to wear your hat in this sun," said Trooper Kernahan, handing the unstoppered bottle to Trooper Bremmel.

Bremmel drank.

"Fool!" he said suddenly. "If I had worn the hat, would you not have seen me when you crept up the hillside? But no, you passed me as I lay hidden in the gorse patch. You crept on, always forward, and never looking to the side. Just like your people, Mr. Kernahan; just like the English!"

"Hang it all, Bremmel," said Kernahan hotly, "don't you blame the English generally because *I* happen to make a mistake—and, by the way, I thought *you* were English?"

The German scowled and evaded the question. He drained the water bottle and tossed it aside.

"Trooper," he said, "have you not learnt a lesson this afternoon? You were too confident. Your mind was only on what you could see with your English eyes. You didn't think of an enemy hidden near you. And so you say—I heard you—'From here I could polish off a whole regiment—all Germany for that matter.' All Germany. Bah! Behold one who is a—one whose parents are German—catches you like a mouse in a trap—you who would polish off all Germany!"

"All right, have it your own way, Bremmel," said Kernahan. "We won't make it an international question, but I want to finish this pipe of 'baccy, and then you can march me back to your base with pleasure.

"We all make little mistakes sometimes. Captain Kellett will curse me like the very devil, but I'll have to grin and bear it, that's all."

Kernahan picked up his rifle again. "But look here," he said, taking aim at the dip in the hills through which the enemy's advance guard had passed, "don't you call this a *perfect* sniping position?"

Bremmel only sneered slightly.

"Hanged if you aren't in a bad temper," said the prostrate Kernahan. "You asked me if I hadn't learnt something this afternoon. I have. I shall rake every blighted furze bush if, by a million to one chance, I'm ever in this very position in actual warfare. But, lordy, isn't this a delicious pitch, eh, Bremmel? Just imagine if this was really sanguinary War, with a capital W, and that plain was full of Germans."

Kernahan cocked his rifle, and, going through the action of loading, proceeded to kill some twenty of the enemy in imagination.

The metallic click of the bolt seemed to annoy his captor.

"Don't the English ever grow up?" asked the German sarcastically. "They seem nothing but boys—good chaps—but mere boys full of make believe and imagination."

"Oh, *do* dry up!" Kernahan was still lost in his occupation of "bagging" imaginary foes. "Do you know, Bremmel, I believe it's nearer the thirteen hundred. Of course, I should have got the range all right after the first actual shot. But what's your opinion?"

Trooper Kernahan—the old fox—was playing to keep his captor there with him. The enemy's main body was now issuing out of the coast side of the hills, and crossing the plain in the direction taken by the advance guard. If Bremmel, one of their scouts, returned with a prisoner taken so near them, the Invaders might suspect the proximity of the trap into which, Kernahan joyfully noted, they were walking.

Kernahan turned his head. His captor was staring straight in front of him, sitting bolt upright with his rifle across his knees. His eyes were glassy.

"It is a pity," Kernahan went on pathetically. "There's your Captain down there moving

across the plain at the head of his men as cocky as a Pageant leader, and if this was real warfare, four marksmen here could wipe up the two Squadrons like this——"

Kernahan's rifle snapped again offensively. This time it drew the required retort from Bremmel, and Kernahan prayed that he might argue with him for five minutes until the two Squadrons had walked into the trap.

"I've told you that if this was real warfare you would be dead," said Bremmel, slowly.

"Or very much your captive," Kernahan put in. "Let's see, there'd be a bullet in that rifle of yours, wouldn't there? And supposin' you'd let me off with a caution and I'd bally well surrendered, I'd have to sit still, perhaps, and——"

"Say nothing!" Bremmel blazed.

Kernahan was laughing to himself. He knew exactly where to flick the Teuton on the raw. He picked up his rifle again.

"Put that down," said Bremmel, sharply. This was rather more than even mimic warfare allowed.

"What the devil for?" asked Kernahan, angrily.

"Because, you fool, I shall show you!"

Bremmel pulled back the bolt of his rifle.

Kernahan laughed.

"My dear Bremmel," he said. "Supposing this was the Real Thing! Imagine what a devil's own hole I should be in! You, as my captor, would naturally have taken my rifle. That magazine of yours would contain live cartridges, not blanks, and"—Kernahan leaned over to him—"I should have to obey your particularly insolent commands. But under the present conditions, you are carrying the thing too far. Put that down, indeed! With only a blank cartridge neither you nor All Germany—Gad, what are you doing!"

Kernahan's last sentence rang out clearly and eloquent of alarm.

From his breast pocket Trooper Bremmel had produced a regulation ball cartridge, ejected a blank from the breech and slipped the cartridge in! Now he sat with the muzzle pointed direct at the shining third button of Kernahan's tunic.

Bremmel's lip was trembling and his eyes looked devilish. This vastly altered the position of things. Bremmel's finger was on the trigger guard.

"Put that rifle down!" he repeated. Kernahan did so very quickly. It is no use arguing with a man who has Death at his finger tips. He opened his mouth to speak.

"Be quiet," said Trooper Bremmel. And Trooper Kernahan was perfectly quiet.

The finger that his eyes seemed glued to shifted to the trigger.

"Come closer," said Trooper Bremmel.

The pride of "B" Squadron obeyed.

Beads of sweat were standing out on the still bared forehead of Trooper Bremmel. It was Kernahan's first experience of the "midsummer madness" which sends the best soldiers amok on the Plains, but he had the sense to humour Trooper Bremmel's whims completely. Above them a white molten disc blazed down from the cloudless blue.

The position, Kernahan reflected as he sat looking at his captor, was not a promising one, and by no means in accordance with the rules of the Game. Within a yard of death by rifle shot in peaceful England! Kernahan would have shelled if he had dared to move a muscle. For the moment silence and inaction seemed the best policy.

The German passed his left hand over his forehead.

"And you," he said, "wanted to take on All Germany—and you dare not move, now, Mr. Kernahan, unless a German—yes, I'm a German by blood—permits. Funny, eh?"

Trooper Kernahan did not think so, but he refrained from making any observation. As a matter of fact his brain was employed at that moment trying to find a way out of the difficulty. He cast a side glance at Bremmel's finger. It was absolutely on the trigger, so there was no chance to knock up the muzzle without the rifle going off with uncomfortable consequences for Trooper Kernahan.

The slightest movement on Kernahan's part would be answered with a squeeze of the trigger instantly, as things were. Somehow Trooper Kernahan fell to wondering who they would put in his place at section jumping next Camp and who would share the tent with Stephen and young Carteret if the madman opposite him took it into his head to pull that trigger. He looked round at his captor again. Bremmel's eyelids had dropped over his eyes. He, too, seemed to be in a reverie.

Now Kernahan's left fist was clenched. He swayed over slowly to get a swing from his sitting position—and Bremmel's eyes blazed on him!

"Blundering—and English," he commented, tapping the trigger guard, but his speech was thick, "I would rather have this than your big fist, Mr. Kernahan, eh? And, look you, as I have this rifle pointed at you, so my brothers across the water there have got their guns turned on here, but they are veiled—until the right moment. You English, here, you play at soldiers. There—they work, and work hard. Here, what have you to guide you? Nothing but one party's papers that alarm you and the others that try to pacify you. 'Bah! It is a war scare,' says one. 'No, it is reality,' says the other.

"So they argue—and nothing is done. But all the time They over There work and build—work and build. You see, this is an illustration. I have the live cartridge in my rifle. You—you are not prepared. It was only a game we are playing, eh? But you see how it can be altered, and the difference is that you, the playing England, are at my mercy—the mercy of All Germany that is in earnest."

Kernahan shifted uneasily.

"They say but little over the water, but don't you think they are laughing up their sleeves at this new, panic stricken, quivering England? But still the good man sits at home and reads his paper and says 'Ha! Ha!' and 'They'd never dare!' Then he puffs at his pipe and it all ends in smoke—the smoke of tobacco—but it will be the smoke of War some day because They want what you have got, Trooper Kernahan."

Bremmel paused suddenly, and broke off into a weeping, faltering treble:

"Oh, my head!" he said, "it's going round and round. It's this sun, I believe, Kernahan. Why is the gorse all swaying like that, and there's no wind. Why is——"

A look of sinking horror came into his eyes. He put out his hand—the hand that had been so dangerously near the trigger—to save himself from falling on his right side.

Kernahan's action was instantaneous. The limp hand had no sooner trailed off the trigger guard than Kernahan had seized the rifle and extracted the cartridge.

He could feel a throbbing in his throat, and now his breath was coming in quick gasps. For a moment, the tense five minutes he had endured unmoved had upset even Kernahan's iron nerve.

"Gad! What luck!" he said, feelingly as he looked on the prostrate, insensible Bremmel.

Then the German groaned and opened his eyes:

"How did I get here?" he asked, miserably. "A touch of the sun," Kernahan replied, propping him up into a more comfortable position to await the Field Ambulance.

"And a damn near touch for me!" Kernahan added mentally.

When he had untethered his horse and was trotting smartly over the rough country, Kernahan pulled from his breast pocket one of H.M. Government's excellent cartridges, and examined it as curiously as if he had never seen such a thing before. He smiled and with a little laugh, not wholly mirthful, restored it to his pocket, carefully.

It was a memento of his first conflict with All Germany.

THE FLOODED LAND.

Winter's thunder and summer's flood,
Never boded Englishman good.—PROVERB.

The earth had drunk its fill and could hold no more; the rivers, swollen already, now burst their banks and overflowed; the marsh lands, lying lower than the level of the neighbouring sea, long since waterlogged and sodden, now seemed one vast lagoon that threatened to break through the artificial banks and sand dunes to join again with the ocean.

"The floods are out," the people said, as they woke to find the waters almost at their doors.

In one brief night the face of earth was changed, and as the waters gathered in the plains from every hill and spring they rose silently and threateningly towards the villages, inch by inch creeping up the slope on which the houses stood.

Setting out in wading boots, and armed with rope and pole in case of need, the farmer, followed by his dog, set out for distant pastures where the sheep and cattle waited for relief and rescue from their peril.

Hardly a yard of land was visible. A strange, bewildering expanse of shallow waters spread before him.

Every pathway lay beneath an inch or more of flood; the narrow planks serving for bridges over dykes and drains had either floated with the rising waters or lay fixed beneath the surface invisible and useless, cutting off each field and isolating stock that might at any moment stumble into unsuspected dykes and drown without a hand to rescue

Here and there, in strangest contrast with the new-formed seas, a gate stood up in lonely desolation, adding a touch of almost ludicrous incongruity in the midst of the level expanse of water.

Cattle, sunk ankle deep in sodden ground, stood miserable and motionless like derelicts stuck fast upon some hidden and uncharted mud bank in the ocean, and looking hungrily into the surrounding flood that kept them an inch or two from food.

With infinite pains the farmer piloted his own small flock across the dangerous waters, guiding them with patience through the narrow gateways to the cart track through the pastures. At last he reached the harder earth, and led the way to higher ground and safety, floundering at every yard into the deep worn ruts now hidden beneath the water. Then, having safely penned the famished creatures and attended to their needs, he turned for home, calling on his shaggy dog to follow.

Above the lowest levels the floods lay, splashed across the earth in shining strips and patches; the streams had left their culverts and washed across the roads, carrying with them all the woodland driftwood that the gales had brought to earth, and wearing stony channels through the hard-rolled surface.

The roadside drain pipes belched forth a flood of yellow, clay-stained rain, filling the ditches to the brim and sending the overflow through hedge and fence in wild disorder.

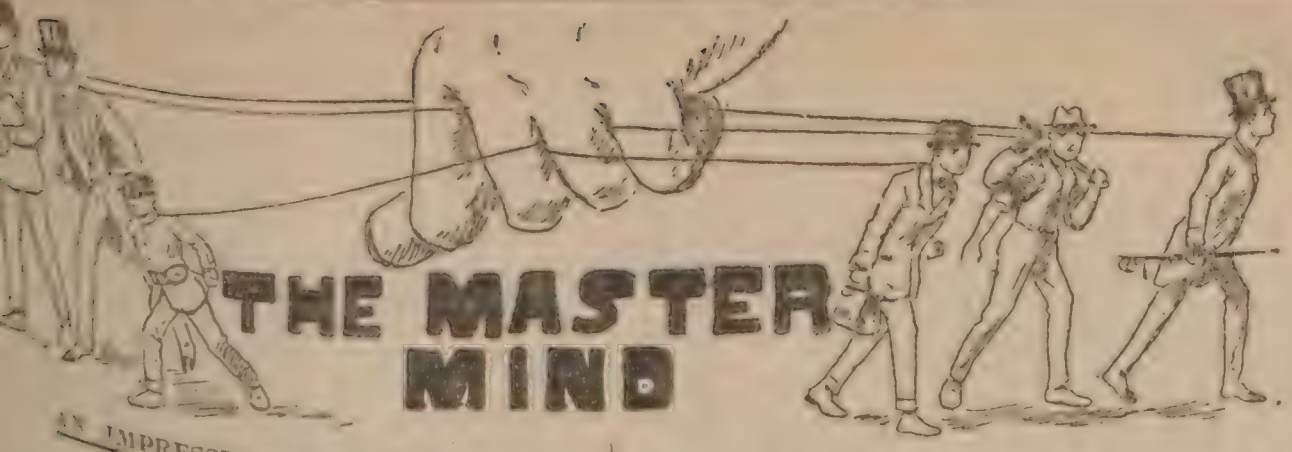
The sluices of the miller's lock, raised to their utmost height, were still too narrow for the torrent that poured across the banks and flowered into the pool below, setting up a roar that could be heard afar.

From unknown regions flocks of water-fowl attracted by the unusual seas drifted to and fro upon the waters, now and again paying profitable visits to the surrounding plough lands. And local gunners had the finest sport that they had known for years.

At night the fields resounded with the cries of unfamiliar birds, and the occasional report of a gun.

The floods bring an entirely new life into the country; but the waters seldom stay for long, and as the old familiar landmarks begin to show again above them even the memory of them fades, and only the lines of drifted wood and leaves and other flotsam, stranded high above the river's normal level, recall the visitation.

C. EASTON-GREY.



THE MASTER MIND

AN IMPRESSION OF LONDON.

By G. CARSTAIRS.

"...nis," said the American, "is a township of ...ter Minds. New York is admittedly a slave-... now—a relentless city—but London ... is run on the semi-polite system. The ... people pull the strings from behind the ...es and don't push themselves into the centre ... stage to have the gallery eggs flung at ... when a self-styled Reformer points out ... the Londoner is being sweated on the sly ...hose invisible Master Minds."

...his is exactly what I overheard a middle-... American telling his hideously dressed ... (What makes the American tailor turn out ... incongruous, elephantine-legged gar-...ts?)

... township of Master Minds!

... paraphr... Mr. Kipling, who made a ...ilar statement about England generally, I ...ld say "What do they know of London who ... London know?"

... is always the spectator who sees the most ...he game, and that American enjoyed the dis-...tion of being the only man I know from the ...her side" who did not look on New York as ... finest place in the universe.

Therefore I respected that American as thor-...oughly as a workman respects a man who ...preciates his skilled work and tells him so. Moreover, he was right, and I, a provincial ...ctator of the passing show in London, knew ...

...ple in London are ruled by the Clever Few—... Master Minds—and it is the Clever Few ..., whatever the devotees of Democracy, ...ialism and other fads may rave about, still ...l the strings that work the daily London ...erionette show.

These Clever Few are content to be in power ... say nothing about it; they do not open their ...uths to give themselves away to the Undis-...guished Many. But the American lives half ... time for pure ostentation, and when he has ... a corner in anything he advertises the ... headed head lines. Then the Many reply by putting him in ...illory—the columns of the Demo-... fling verbal mud at him, so ... retire into the seclusion of the ... mad-brained Reformer with a ...ards a little amateur anarchy should ... through his brain.

... is the well poised, ordered, relent-... of those Clever Few that go to make ...tively, the Master Mind that sits silent, ... brains in the human head, yet control-...lightest movement, and ordering pre-... is to be made and what destroyed.

...erican had apprised me of the exist-... all powerful but obscured Master ... London. For one day only I watched ...nfinitesimal portion of its workings, and ... I fear it—a little.

...watched it first in the City between eight ...ck and nine in the morning, and I made ...eps ... the Royal Exchange my grand ... ...ch to view the passing show, ... changing.

... thousands who, in unconscious ... the Master Mind, streamed out of ... arteries of the Bank Crossing, walk-... that scampering haste which is the ... of the London City clerk. To say that some looked careworn and sad, others worried or anxious-eyed, is only what may be guessed or expected, but there were just a few whose expression and light, airy way told me that in a measure they enjoyed full-blooded Life, and gave no thought to the Master Mind which sent them to sit on a stool all day in a superheated, sickly atmosphere, and keep elaborate account books of the money which belonged to their masters, the Clever Few.

It is these full-blooded young men whom the Master Mind will never convert into mechanical machines which automatically do its bidding. It will not make of them Writing Machines that cost so much per week to keep oiled, and are delivered into the repairing hands of the sea air or the country for a few days per annum.

But what of the others? These have drifted into allowing the Master Mind to sap all their real life from them, and they are merely superior machines kept going by the fuel that is called food and drink. It has cost the Master Mind nothing to make machines of them, no initial outlay as in the case of a motor car, and, taking the same parallel, there are only the "running expenses" to pay. The Master Mind in London acquires the article Man from the Almighty Manufacturer for nothing!

Which, after all, is not much under the value of a Man who makes a lifeless machine of himself!—and can Mr. Shaw or any member of the Shavian or Fabian Society deny it?

This, then, is what a brief glimpse of the workings of the Master Mind in the City showed me, and I saw that it is only those who will stick to their Youth and take it along with them as they go—never, never leaving it out of their life—who will prevent the Master Mind making of them mere Writing Machines. Keep that red stream of Life tingling in you, because even the Master Mind cannot devise a dam to stem its flowing, rushing tide.

To an impressionable provincial or a foreign stranger within London's gates there is a fresh wonder in the every-day routine of London. It is not the wonder of a child who is seeing something new and marvellous, but it is the sort of awe that a layman must feel who sees the faultless, rhythmical working of the great engines in an electric power station.

That man must admire, if he has any soul at all, the great minds that in the first instance conceived the original idea, and still go on making their work more perfect year after year. But it is improbable that the worker in dungarees on that engine thinks it much more than his Task Master.

Thus, you in London accord but little thought to the omnipotent brains that devised the railways tunnelled in the bowels of the earth beneath the streets of London—merely because you have been used to it all since you could see and understand.

Again, there is that eternal procession of vehicular traffic through the principal streets all day. It thins a little, perhaps, for the brief early hours of the morning, but of that line you have never seen the end.

Above the streets almost a mesh of wires is strung across, keeping the West in touch with the East.

To the Londoner of London these things are everyday, but there is the True Romance in them, and, like the American, the provincial can trace the workings of the Master Mind which devised the great Dynamo that drives the vital mechanism of the City.

At night when the lights are glaring in the West-End, it is a lesson to drive through the luxury of the wealthy, spendthrift side of London which flourishes in Leicester Square and beyond Piccadilly.

But the Master Mind is presiding even over this light irresponsible part of London life. The man who drives your taxi-cab through the thronged streets is unconsciously performing the task set for him by the Master Mind that devised motor traction.

Above the top of the lofty palatial buildings an invisible finger writes up advertisements and slowly deletes the words again. Very ordinary, certainly—merely advertisements!—but again it is the Finger of the unobtrusive Master Mind. It is keeping before the thousands the name of a meat extract, or a whisky, while those thousands are at their pleasure.

It is not this one thing, but the multitude of them that in the end strikes the keen observer, and teaches him to accord respect to those Clever Few who do not lose the slightest chance to benefit even out of London at play.

Looking over the Thames at night, I have seen an electric light advertisement of a proprietary whisky written out letter by letter in red, blue, and white. The sky was clouded, and the wharves on the Surrey side were in comparative darkness with only a glimmer here and there.

Then from various points I saw these words of light appear suddenly in the sky, and for a brief space they hung there like constellations, effectually placing the name of some firm or article before the notice of the Many.

It is perhaps a little thing, but I wonder how many ever gave an admiring thought to that member of the Clever Few who first conceived that almost impertinent idea of advertising wares by electric moving signs over the most famous and historic river in the world!

As old Omar says:

"'Tis all a Chequer Board of Nights and Days,
Where Destiny with Men for Pieces plays."

I wandered along the Embankment and saw the pawns that had been thrown away in the game by Destiny.

The survival of the fittest is indeed the gospel of London, as it is of the world that has no use for the incompetents—the men who have the Bad Streak in them somewhere, which is the fault of their breeding, in these supposedly enlightened days when far more care is taken in the breeding of cattle and race horses than in the breeding of Men.

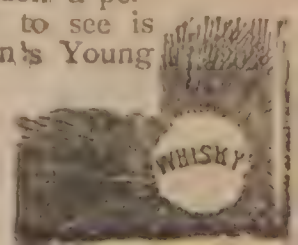
It is a cruel and hard thought, perhaps, but not one per cent of the men "in the gutter" of London to-night deserve a whit the better position than the one they hold. In the first instance, perhaps, the Master Mind made machines of them, but they were always getting flung out of gear by that Bad Streak in their compositions.

Thus, because the cog wheels of London's mechanism must of necessity be flawless, they have been cast contemptuously aside by that most expert Engineer Valuer of Men Machines, the Master Mind.

Therefore, I would ask you, who may chance to read, to keep your Life with you, to feed your body's requirements with more than food, to stick still to those playing fields upon which Great Britain's battles have always been won.

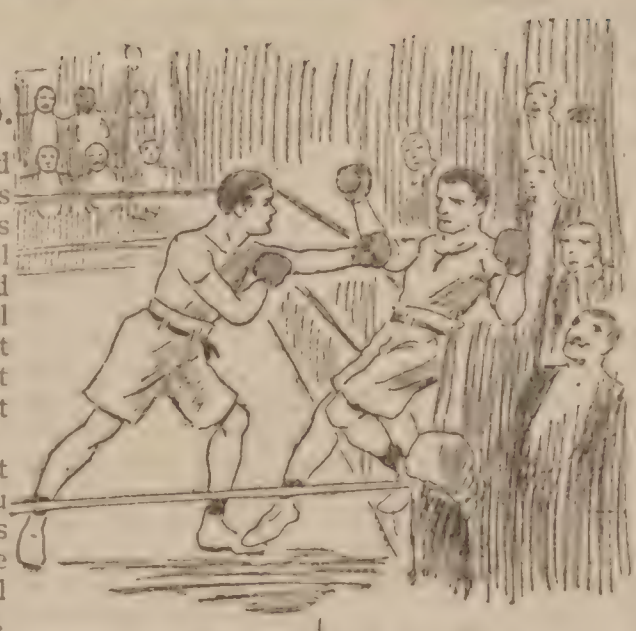
Let who will call you "muddied oafs" or "flannelled fools." (This last was the only great mistake ever made by a great man). Life is your inheritance. Live it!—thus you will never become the automatic slave of the unseen Master Mind that would, uncaring, take away the manhood of England's most important young man who works well—and should play well—in London, to-day.

The Master Mind has made of London a perfect and beautiful mechanism which to see is to admire, but let it leave the London's Young Man his Manliness!



WHERE MEN FORGATHER.

XX. THE NATIONAL SPORTING CLUB.



To the men of England there are three Nationals whose familiarity makes them famous—the National Anthem, the Grand National, and the National Sporting Club. The last is to be found in an ill-lit street adjoining Covent Garden.

Pass along that street any Monday night and you will see a heterogeneous collection of men on the pavement outside a tall severe-looking building. They are always there; and as vehicles discharge their contents you can catch names famous in contemporary affairs, social and political. That crowd knows everybody, is prophetic of the issues of the fistic struggles to come and claims personal acquaintance with boxers present and past, famous and infamous.

Push your way through the crowd and ascend the steps to the illuminated entrance. Unless you are a member your admission ticket and yourself are scrutinised by stern guardians of the turnstiles before you are allowed to pass. Long experience has made them impervious to casual or elaborate explanation that you are bearing a message or just want a word with a friend inside. Your credentials must be beyond suspicion.

THE SANCTUARY.

Descend the flight of stairs to the left and you are in the dining-room, where waiters move swiftly and noiselessly, and the chink of glass and china mingles pleasantly with the hum of conversation. Right through to a curtained archway and you are in the sanctuary of the boxers. Be it your first or five hundred and first visit, you feel a thrill as your eye lights on the ring. There is the battlefield of gladiators, a roomy square raised but a little distance from the floor, encircled with ropes supported by padded pillars. Clean, white and business-like it looks.

Everywhere is crowded. From three sides of the ring rise banks of white shirt-fronts. If there is one characteristic more than another that strikes the observer, it is the imperturbability of the English gentleman. Men in easy postures chat to one another, and only the continual glance at the ring reveals that there is the concentration of their thoughts.

Facing the entrance is the dais where sits the judge, flanked by chairs reserved for officials. Behind, the Press seats, and behind them again a sea of faces rising to the ceiling. Here are the intimates of the ring, experts themselves, envious of the opportunity of the more fortunate about to live gloriously in that square arena below. Many of them have experienced there the exultation of victory, as many the sickening knowledge of impending defeat. From this quarter clarion sounds of anticipatory excitement break like waves upon the shore.

THE FUN BEGINS.

In five minutes the programme will commence. Promptitude is a law here. Electric lights glare vividly. Men trickle in from the restaurant and take their seats. Crowded before, the place now is packed.

Clamour is hushed as the judge comes in. The first event is announced—a ten rounds contest between a soldier and a sailor.

Without fuss they enter the ring, already stripped to pants, already gloved. They take their seats in their respective corners and glance round indifferently. Both are profusely tattooed; both apparently unconcerned. Doughty rivals these, worthy representatives of the might of England's defenders. The mention of their names by the judge is casual; they are well known.

A big brass alarum by the side of the judge breaks silence. The contestants leave their chairs briskly. Cool science dominates fierce purpose. Smack; thud; clinch. The judge speaks quietly: "Break away." The command is obeyed. This is the home of discipline.

In the fourth round the soldier goes weak, unsteadied by sweeping left and bashing upward right. He falls back on evasion, subtle resource, making use of every foot of the ring. In his face it can be seen that defeat is inevitable, but he fights on with grim determination. Friends of his from the rear of the judge yell instructions. He rallies; for a moment gives more than he receives, then sinks before a blow delivered with crushing force. An unemotional voice counts ten . . .

THE SHOW TURN.

Follows a bout by a pair of provincial youngsters, new to this ring, but all out to create a favourable impression. Then a battle of heavyweights which comes to a summary conclusion after a couple of slogging rounds.

And—at last—the event of the evening! Fifteen three-minute rounds between world-renowned feather-weights. Magnesium lamps flare into life, blindingly white at first and dimming the electric lights to dismal yellow. A cinematograph grinds gently as the principals duck through the ropes. Slim lads they look, but lithe body and limbs charged with deadly power of execution.

A buzz of suppressed excitement comes from the audience as they size up the two combatants, and recall past victories and past defeats of each.

Clang-a-lang goes the alarum with startling suddenness. A wary stalking of each other, a few light taps, then blows are exchanged with lightning rapidity. Poise is perfect; steps delicate as those of a cat. No gasp accompanying wasted strength, no prolonged clinching. They are fighting machines, moving tirelessly.

Now one admires the judge. To be able to detect distinction between scientists that are all but faultless requires genius.

A GREAT FIGHT.

Thirteen rounds have gone. The contestants bear little trace of them. Eyes are still keen, unwavering; gloves are propelled with undiminished energy. Advice in electric accents is heard here and there; wagering goes on—bets are doubled, trebled. Excitement is more stirring through being restrained.

The lads spring up for the last meeting. One of them recalls faltering in the ninth and tenth rounds. Did he get behind on points then? He crowds on steam. Low orchestra of comment swells to roar of applause and dies away at a dispassionate word from the judge. In another minute it will be over. They fight with astonishing speed. A film of distress passes over the face of one; he covers cleverly, dances back, dodges, and is in, fighting again, like a flash—the alarum clangs!

They return to their corners with blithe step. There is a thunder of clapping. The judge studies a paper in his hand, then gestures. Winner's seconds and supporters wave delighted arms. The winner steps across the ring and shakes his opponent's hand cordially. Both laugh.

In three minutes the restaurant is crowded, and fizz, pop and tinkle make happy music.

PETER GILCHRIST.

THE PATRIOT.

Our country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong!—A TOAST, BY STEPHEN DECATUR.

A short while ago I met a New Zealander—a robust, bearded man of forty he was—and to one remark he made I attach a peculiar significance.

"Ah," he said, "when I was quite a lad, I made up my mind to come home, and, you see, I've done it, though it's a bit late."

"Yes," I agreed, "it must be great to see the old homeland again."

"Again!" he exclaimed. "Why, I've never been here before. I was born out there. But England is always home, my lad."

Home! That set me thinking. Hadn't my friend put his finger right on the pulse of patriotism?

I had heard too much of late about the Empire going to the dogs; that our statesmen, politicians, Press, and all, were animated only by self-interest; that the so-called wave of patriotism that swept over the country at the time of the Boer war was nothing but an ebullition of blatant egotism; that the white fire of English pride that burned in the breast of the great men who made the Empire what it is, was extinct, and that nothing now remained but the cold ashes of a dead enthusiasm.

M-m. I don't think! When a man from the Antipodes, never having seen the old country, still looks upon it as "home," there is still in the Empire yet.

We all know that the fellow who is conscious of his faults is the best kind of friend, the most sincere. Hence, I see, in the expression of dissatisfaction with the England, nothing but the healthy sterling determination to defend our own.

It is a great mistake to suppose that it is possible to display patriotism on the field of battle.

In the ordinary occupations of every-day life opportunities for the patriot to reveal himself are never absent.

I believe that civil patriotism can best be shown by a man living straight, developing his physique, subjecting himself to discipline, dominated by the faith that the permanence of the Empire is necessary to the safety of the world.

If the British Empire crashed into ruin it would bring civilisation down with it. Hence there is responsibility attached to every man to do all he can to uphold it.

The Territorials have come in for a share of undeserved abuse. We are told that we join simply for the fun of the thing, to indulge in a glorified game, and to swank in uniform to our best girl.

And so we do! And why not? But those sarcastic people who are so quick to *talk*, and so slow to *act*, only see an inch of the way. There are considerably more reasons than they can guess, or than the Terrier would care to talk about.

The deeper a man's feeling the more likely it is to come to the surface. The man who says his country isn't going to gas about it. The patriot knows no panic. He is content to wait, firm in his confidence, for love of office position, friends, home, life, for love of woman, for love of country.

The patriots of England have done it before, and the best of them have done it by simply looking on, which is the purest form of patriotism.

Let but the foreigner put his foot on the shores of England, meaning grab, and there will be let loose upon him a fury against which the forces of perfect war-machinery will be as vain.

The power of a nation lies in the hearts of its individual subjects. A man has always been found ready-made for England when she needed him—a man who was greatly patriotic. It might be that she will find him again. It might be that

f Bookie's Lament.

A RACING SKETCH.

By BERNARD MACKLIN.

Yes, I like to hear you
ls talk about the folly of
in'; why, blimy, I haven't
a winning day, bar a
sday at Lewes, for six
ks!"

was a bookmaker of the
school who thus addressed
over the rails in Tattersall's
e he stood taking a pot of
ey that he did not want
one horse, and offered in
a tempting price against
atter of seven runners or
who were out for an airing
d the worst of it was the
old British Public knew it all the time!
e bookmaker's name was "Joe" simply.
one called him by his surname in the "ten
ank," so I certainly dare not in print, but
who go racing, however seldom, know him.
is a lamentable fact that the bookmaker of
ld stamp is dying out. Our race-courses
no longer so picturesque as they were.
sh respectability has even placed its hand on
nights of the pencil, and most of the lead-
nembers of Tattersall's nowadays look as
ey had a reserved pew in church on Sun-
even if they have not in point of fact.
t "Joe" is an exception. Being acquainted
him in private life I know him to be a
of principle. I have frequently seen the
sus and kids" hounded off to church on a
ay evening so that "Joe" might make a
ral balance up on the week's transactions
sturbed.

hen your Sundays, Joe," I observed,
en't been days of peace, perfect peace,
?"

trewth! I shouldn't think! Why, ever
Septuagesima Sunday, me boy, I've been
the Chancellor of the Exchequer—had to
deficit, and the worst of it is I've only
wn noddle to tax. No, my boy. The B.P.
ettin' extra hot stuff, that's what's the
er. Why there ain't a greener as comes on
ourse who can't reckon the one-fourth the
odds place money he has to draw, when
ee he backs each way runs second at "thir-
to eight." 'Orrible! It's this educatin' of
ower classes. I had no education. Look
e!

No, sir, I don't lay another sanguinary
y again the favourite. Bettin' six to one
one if you like. Thank you for nothin'.
afternoon!)

here! Another blighter kids himself I'm
lin' up here makin' a one horse book. Ex-
the interruption. As I was sayin'. Look
e. Look at me waistcoat. Would you
ve that my Little Mary ever fully distended
now sack-like garment? What would me
sed pals of the good old days say to this
der of me former self, eh?
nd can you wonder at it? Observe to your
ight crocks leavin' the Paddock to go to
ost for the Damemall Selling Plate—seven
hich have had a bucket of water! They
t mugs enough to take a pull at 'em in
enlightened days. Do you kid yourself
every sneakin' snivellin' knowall in this
ob tank don't know as well as the 'heads'
our side of the rails what's goin'? Excuse
moment while I tempt 'em a little."

siness was undoubtedly slack. In vain
Joe offer long prices against the supposed
triers to get his book "round" in case of
lents. One youth, age about fifteen years,
smoked a black cigar and was looking very
ver it, sauntered up.
What price Madame de Souvrés?" asked the
jauntily, with board-school French accent
ct.

Madarm de Souvray!" exclaimed Joe. "My sakes, out of the mouths of babes and suckin' is my pronunciation corrected! Seven to one to you, Tommy!"

"Seven! Good 'eavens, Joe, what d'ye tike me for, eh? A greener, a bloomin' juggins the jay? This ain't H-ascot, y'know. Here, lay me twenty bob to two and it's a bet!"

"Give us the iron, then, Winston. You'll never lose much by takin' under the odds. You don't want a ticket. Put it down as 'Tommy,'" Joe added to his clerk.

"'Tommy' be damned! My money's as good as any one else's, ain't it? Chuck us a brief to save mistakes. Thanks!"

The child strolled away, while my friend "Joe" watched him sorrowfully, and with a sigh shook the front of his loose waistcoat.

"And you say we're 'arnin' money, don't you?" he said heavily. "Observe the 'opulent bookmaker rakin' in the hard-earnt money of the deluded fools,' as the tracts say. What do we stand to lose over the fav'rite, Bill?"

The faithful "pitchmy" glanced at his book.

"Fifty-two pound, ten," he replied, "less the two 'og' on Madame de Something."

"'Oly Moses!" exclaimed Joe. He turned to the stands, and for the space of two minutes waved his hand about in a manner which the uninitiated would term idiotic.

He tapped himself on all imaginable parts of his body, from his sagging waistcoat's fourth button upwards, tapping his nose, the crown of his hat, the brim thereof, his ears, and he even pulled his tie! It was answered by a man on the top of the Stands at the extreme corner, who gesticulated similarly. But all this is the ritual of the "Tick-Tack," and for a business code it cannot be beaten in the world, because it is perfect.

Joe waved an equivalent to the "Message ends," and turned to me again.

"You may be wonderin'," he said, "why I don't buy myself a new Lincoln and Bennett? This old grey 'at's done duty for me since the day the White Knight won the Ascot Cup and some person or persons unknown pinched it. That's over two years ago now, so it don't look as if things were what you might term goin' well, does it?

He pointed to the respectable metallicians gathered in Tattersall's.

"For all your bloomin' black suits, and 'ighly fashionable ties, you're still what you were when you wore waistcoats like mine, and imitation half-crowns were stuck in your satchel belt," he said dramatically. "Still, you would pinch the odds if you dared, and conspire with the 'heads' to fleece the moneyed lamb! But there ain't no lambs, and there ain't a really oof-y mug left for yer to clean out, not on all the courses from Lincoln in balmy spring to Manchester in drear November. It's this bloomin' education——"

"Off!" came the roar from the stands, and "Joe" put up his glasses for a brief second.

"A sanguinary procession," he said disgustedly, "with the fav'rite rollin' home easy."

"'Ere!" he yelled. "I'll bet a hundred to one bar the (adjective) favourite!"

And the favourite won in the proverbial canter.

"You've had a lovely race, Joe," I observed. "You lose fifty-two pounds ten less two shillings."

"Not likely," he replied contemptuously. "Didn't you see me lay it all off through the Tick-Tack Man? What plurry idiots do you take us for to stand to lose fifty-two pound ten on one? No, my boy, I'm a bloomin' winner on the deal—Tommy's two shillin's! Think I shall start keepin' a harem!"

THE CYCLIST'S BELL.

SOME HINTS ON ITS USE.

"Why didn't you ring your bell?" demanded the irate pedestrian of the cyclist who had slipped past him without doing so.

"Because," politely replied the rider, "had I done so you would immediately have stepped in front of my machine."

He was right; and hundreds of parallel instances occur in our streets daily. It is not always advisable for the cyclist to give warning of his approach, even when the law directs that he shall do so. The experienced traffic rider recognises these situations when they occur, and knows how to cope with them.

The law pertaining to the subject is simple. Riders of cycles are required to give an audible warning when they are about to overtake or pass a pedestrian or vehicle. There is no stipulation as to the means by which this warning shall be given, but the human voice is not recognised as adequate.

Experience and custom have decreed that a bell is the best provider of an audible warning, and here let me utter a word against the practice of carrying motor horns on cycles. Many novices, young bloods, and unthinking riders generally sport them; but they are very unsuitable for use on a cycle, and the audible warning which they give is deceptive and apt to lead to disaster.

So the best instrument which the cyclist can adopt to comply with the law and preserve his own safety as well as that of other road users, is a bell. But let it be a good bell, the largest and loudest obtainable. The tinkling little contraptions which so often adorn the handle-bars of fair riders' machines are no good to the real cyclist, who spends much of his time amid heavy traffic.

The law says that we must ring whenever we are going to pass a pedestrian or vehicle, and generally speaking this should be done. But there are, as already asserted, exceptions which prove the rule.

As an instance, take the case propounded at the commencement of this article. It is a frequently recurring one, and I have many times participated in like situations. The cyclist was riding at a brisk pace close to the kerb. The pedestrian sauntered along the pavement engrossed in a newspaper.

Without so much as casting a glance over his shoulder he stepped into the road a few yards ahead of the cyclist, who just managed to get past by cutting in towards the kerb. Had he sounded his bell as he did so, the careless pedestrian would undoubtedly have stepped back and caused disaster. As it was the rider just got by, and the gentleman of the newspaper with a start of indignation demanded, "Why didn't you ring your bell?"

Sometimes, when riding on a tram route, one comes upon a stationary car which a crowd of would-be passengers are endeavouring to board. The car is about to travel in the same direction as that in which the cyclist is riding, and the whole of the roadway between car and kerb is occupied by the intending passengers, most of them looking away from the rider.

The cyclist, says the law, must not pass the tram on the opposite side to that on which the passengers are standing, so somehow or other he must get through them.

A furious ringing of his bell would probably throw them into confusion, and on the other hand it is unlikely that he could get through in silence without collisions. So he should slow down to walking pace, and by gently sounding his warning secure a free passage through the crowd.

I have picked my way through dense Bank Holiday crowds, strewn all over the road, without sounding a tinkle or touching anyone, and in such circumstances as these as little ringing as possible is undoubtedly best. Of course if you did bump anyone, there would at once be a stentorian chorus of "Why didn't——" etc.

O. E. SEYD.

A MAN'S FRIEND

A STUDY.

By C. CLARKSON BROWNE.

It was a warm summer evening with only the twilight just hazing the day, and along the dusty road a few cyclists pedalled lazily by the low-eaved little house that stood back from the road.

Then from the open door of the house there came a low humming, and a young man, smoking the pipe of peacefulness, stepped over the threshold and sauntered down the path.

He wore a tasselled Rugger cap, which now did duty for a smoking cap, an old Norfolk jacket and a pair of flannel "bags" with one trouser turned up and the other turned down.

Mr. James Brown—"old Jimmy B."—looked quite as casual as he really was, even to his damaged carpet slippers. And the calm pose of his rather plain face, together with the blue clouds from his pipe, lazily ascending, could only impress one as the very essence of Arcadian tranquillity.

Somewhere in the void a flying insect droned. Mr. James Brown looked at his watch.

"H—m. See him in two minutes now," he said to himself. Then he dived a big hand into his pocket for a letter, and seemed to be quoting therefrom—"'For the last time, old chap, I shall see you to-night.' . . . . For the last time."

He felt an absurd touch of sadness come over him. Gad! it was not manly! He had to beat it back.

"You're a fool, Jimmy Brown," he said, "a sentimental sort of fool, and I didn't think it was in you!"

He leaned over the garden gate and puffed furiously at his briar, conscious that something was causing that usually firm underlip of his to tremble, that something made his face burn, and something choked uncomfortably in his throat.

The twilight was deepening into dusk. . . . . and further up the road a lamp was lit. From somewhere came the subdued sound of a soft, swinging waltz, played in an open-windowed house.

Jimmy found himself nervously crunching that letter in his left hand again—a note from that dashing, dear old friend of his, Gerald Craven.

Jimmy Brown smoothed it out, and, straining his eyes, tried to re-read, for perhaps the twentieth time, a passage in it which hideously fascinated him, though it told him that something very real and material to him was to be taken out of his life.

"This sort of life is no good to me. I'm clearing out, old chap. And to-night will be the last of our pleasant evenings together. No longer need you rack your brains to whack me at chess, no longer try to convince me that it's not worth having a bang at the big fence they call the world. Getting quite poetic—don't you think so? . . . ."

Jimmy Brown half smiled and put the letter back into his pocket.

From the vague dimness beyond the bend in the road there came the "clock-a-clock" of a horse trotting smartly. Then a man on horseback came into sight round the turn. He waved his crop and called out a cheery "Hullo, Jimmy!"

Immediately a light sparkled in "old Jimmy Brown's" grey eyes. The sadness was gone from him. He ran out into the road to greet his friend—that friend whom he had only just realised was a very great deal to him. Life was worth living again. . . . . He grasped Gerald's hand in a firm grip.

The young man swung out of the saddle and, the horse temporarily stabled, Gerald linked his arm in his friend's and, talking just as joyously as if it was not the "last time," they entered the little house together.

"Unborn To-morrow and dead Yesterday,
What matter either if To-day be sweet?"

* * * * * * *

The night had drawn on apace. Outside, all was quiet in the straggling village street, and there was silence also in the little obviously bachelor room, where Jimmy Brown and his friend Gerald Craven pored over the chess board that rested on a small table between them.

The hot night air that came through the window but little disturbed the wreaths of smoke that hung around the curtains in vague, lingering festoons and lazily drifted across the room.

There was something more than a game about this. It was a matching of wit against wit, and somehow they both knew it—the slow but careful moves of "Mr. Jimmy B.," and the meteoric, brilliant, but uncertain dashes of his friend were accurate reflexes of the players' characters.

It was the plodding certainty against inaccurate brilliancy. They puffed at their pipes in silence, and spoke not a word.

Gerald was unobtrusively marshalling his forces for a surprise raid on the White territory, and one subtle move which connected the whole organisation opened Jimmy's eyes to the situation.

He looked up momentarily from the board and found a half triumphant smile playing round his friend's lips. And there was that gay devil in Gerald's eyes—the ever victorious gay devil that was with him always when there was something worth fighting for to be gained, or something strenuous to be done.

Jimmy looked down at the board and puzzled in vain. There was no way out for his unfortunate King, who could only stamp about miserably in his prescribed radius of one square, and was so very much like the real kings of these days. Jimmy tried a forlorn hope.

Gerald saw the ruse and, moving a knight into position, he called "check."

"I shall win, Jimmy," he said firmly, "and all your dear old caution hasn't saved you this time."

There was only one possible move for Jimmy. Gerald brought up the serried ranks of his pieces, and directed a strong attack on the white with a fusillade of "checks."

"Mate!" he said at last, bringing his Queen down triumphantly with a jar that made the pieces dance. "Jimmy, my boy, it's our last game—and to *me!*"

Some sort of enthusiasm seemed to carry him away.

"An omen of good luck, boy," he cried. "Good luck for the new start! No more country life, no more pigs, and cows, and old farmer's jabber. It's life, my good old Jimmy. Real life for me, I tell you, in the future——"

"And for me no friend," Jimmy put in sadly.

Gerald stopped suddenly.

"Gad!" he said, "I'm a cad. Not thinking of you, am I, Jimmy?"

"That's all right, boy. You've got yourself to fight for, haven't you? But any miserable little thing I can do for you—— I know I'm not daring, and as—as devilish as you are, Gerald, I'll always do it. I'd come with you, you know, wherever you're going, only I know I'm not fit. For you there'll be the drama of Life, and for me the humdrum way. The same old slodge that you talk about, the same old every-day round, while you'll be with the people who are living their life at full speed—up in the City there or in some other land——"

But the gay devil had gone from Gerald's eyes.

"Stop a second, Jimmy," he said, catching his friend's wrist. He opened the door.

Along the hall came the strains of a piano and a girl's voice floated softly but musically to them, lightly singing an old song.

"That's what there is for you, Jimmy," Gerald half whispered, "something I haven't got and never shall have, because there's a sort of restless devil in me. For you there's Love—Home—and some day perhaps a Mrs. Jimmy. But for me——"

Gerald shrugged his shoulders, but the gay devil was reappearing in his eyes.

"Ah," said Gerald again, "all this isn't like me, is it? It isn't like the limb of Satan that shocks this delightful countryside. That sort of thing is left to what the clever ones term the good, kind-hearted fools, like my old Jimmy. So, Jimmy, I'm going into the world to win, as surely as I won to-night, any game Destiny plays with me. But hearing that"—the accompaniment of the song was dying away to its exquisitely tender finish—"I wonder whether the game is worth winning, because, like a pawn in the game of chess we played to-night, there is no moving back for the great little thing called Home."

A few minutes later the moon had seen a gripping handshake between two friends at a white garden gate, and Mr. James Brown, gazing abstractedly up the road, saw only the vague form of a horseman riding smartly into the night.

"Clock-a-clock. Clock-a-clock." Thus a man's friend rode out of a man's life.

Mr. James Brown pulled at his briar, but it was out—as cold, friendless, and cheerless, as the world he was left in.

TROTTING WITHOUT STIRRUPS.

All Sergeant-Majors, and most riding instructors, have the most brutal method of teaching the novice to ride without his stirrups.

You are simply requested to take your feet out, or possibly to cross your stirrups in front of you, and to keep trotting.

Nothing could be better calculated for the discomfort of the learner or for retarding his progress as a horseman.

He bumps hopelessly up and down and presently sways from side to side. Then he grips hard but in the wrong way, and finds that his muscles soon grow too sore to enable him to maintain his balance. Sometimes he topples off the horse; sometimes he clutches at the front of the saddle, to be upbraided by his instructor and laughed at by any observers.

The right way to learn to trot without your stirrups is first to be perfectly proficient in trotting with them. Then, as you trot along, raise both feet ever so slightly till the soles of your boots are just clear of the stirrup irons, but keep your feet still within them. You know that you have your stirrups there for use at a moment's notice, and you are free from that nervousness which obsesses you when you discover yourself stirrupless for the first time.

Keeping your feet inside the stirrups, but not using them to help you to rise, you learn how to sit by grip and balance alone, and after you have gone a little distance in this way you can keep the stirrups free and trot without discomfort.

THE MANTLE OF HIS HONOUR.

A HUMAN SKETCH.

And you really intend to marry her?
Certainly."
Knowing her past?"
Yes, Phil."
That she was——"
Hush! I won't listen to anything against woman I mean to make my wife."
Hill stamped out of the room, slamming the r behind him. His friend looked after him.
Poor chap," he said.
Confound it! he's a regular Quixote. I y hope he'll come to no worse harm than the knight when he tilted at the windmills."

* * * * *

he room was luxuriously furnished, a fitting kground for the woman who lay among the hions of an Oriental divan.
Her head with its masses of blue-black hair thrown back against a crimson pillow, and eyes were fixed on the door.
he door opened. The cigarette was thrown de that the man might take and pay toll.
en Hill drew back and looked at her.
She was wearing a white dress and there was carlet flower pinned on her left breast. Some- w it displeased him.
He stooped and unpinned it, flinging the un- ending blossom on the floor. Then he glanced the bowls of roses and other flowers that were thered about the room.
The woman watched him smiling, with lips it quivered.
He made a choice, and a tiny bouquet of lilies the valley finally took the place of the scarlet wer.
Oh! Bert, the other was more appropriate," e said.
Did he not see in the flower the outer and ible sign of her shame? Hereafter would he t see the invisible?
She was a woman and fanciful, he would have id if he could have divined her thoughts. What did, was to kiss her and crave her pardon for ding fault with her choice.
She let him hold her to him in a close em- ace giving him back kiss for kiss, for she loved m.
Bert, you're not going to be the only gener- s one," she said.
"Dear, you are imperial always," her lover swered. "And now you are going to fix a ry much earlier date, eh?"
"No! I'm going to take back my promise." For one moment he looked startled, then, re- vering himself, he laughed.
"The clothes not ready yet?"
She threw out her hands with a pretty reign gesture.
"Why will you make it harder for me?" she ked. "I'm going to give you up."
His face grew stern.
"You have been playing with me, Theresa; that it?"
His manner changed suddenly.
The woman had covered her face with her ands.
"Look at me," he said. "Swear you are in arnest and do not love me—and I'll go."
She raised her head, and the light was full n her face. She was silent, for, had she sworn, er eyes would have given her oath the lie.
"You do love me!" And his voice had the ng of triumphant passion in it. And, crushed gainst his heart, she sobbed away the last mnant of rebellion.
"It shall be soon," the man said, and there was a look in his eyes that told her it must be.

* * * * *

Is marriage a failure? Ask Philip, the woman-hater, and he will tell you of one couple who are happy.
"But then," he adds, "the man was excep- tional. His love was broad as it was deep for a woman who only lacked the mantle of his honour."

A. M. STEWART.

OUR FOURTH SPORTING COMPETITION.

A Contest you can enter with every confidence, for the Editor guarantees that the judging, and all other matters connected with it, will be conducted on thoroughly straight and sportsmanlike lines.

The following will be the method of distributing the Prize Money in connection with our Fourth Competition. After 10 per cent. has been deducted from the entry money for working expenses,

The First Prize Winner will receive one-half of the sum available for distribution.

The Second Prize Winner will receive one-tenth of the sum available for distribution.

The Third Prize Winner will receive one-twentieth of the sum available for distribution.

The remainder of the Prize Money will be divided in Consolation Prizes of **5s.** each.

Next week we shall publish the names and addresses of the prize winners in our first competition, and results will appear regularly each week afterwards. The entries for our first competition have been encouraging, but the sum available for distribution has fallen considerably below what we anticipated, and the prizes will therefore be less than those we suggested as probable; the money will, of course, be divided in the proportions indicated in the conditions governing that competition. In this connection see the Editor's Notebook on page 14.

With each attempt competitors must enclose a Postal Order for Sixpence, and all the money received (less 10 per cent., which is deducted for expenses) will be divided amongst the winners in the proportions indicated above.

OUR FOURTH COMPETITION.

What you have to do is to make up a sentence, in accordance with the rules below, the words of which the sentence consists being taken from any of the advertisements appearing in this paper.

This week we ask you to make a sentence, in accordance with the rules, which shall deal in some way with CYCLING. In twelve words you can say something to the point. The winning sentences will be those that the Editor considers most clever.

RULES

(Which must be strictly complied with).

1. Each attempt must be written on the printed entry form which appears on this page. You may send in as many attempts as you like, but each must be written on a separate entry form.

2. Each attempt must be accompanied by a Postal Order for 6d. made payable to the Proprietor of THE MODERN MAN. Cross your Postal Order "& Co.," and write the number of it distinctly in the space allotted for that purpose on the entry form. If you send more than one attempt, you may enclose one Postal Order for the full amount, reckoned at 6d. for each attempt; where one Postal Order is enclosed to cover a number of entries, its number must be written on each entry form.

3. All entries for this competition must reach us not later than the first post on Tuesday morning, July, 20th. The result will appear in our issue dated August 14th, and published on Tuesday, August 10th.

4. The Editor accepts no responsibility for entries lost or mislaid.

5. The Editor's decision as to the winners, and as to all other matters concerning this competition, is final, and competitors may enter only on this understanding.

6. No correspondence whatsoever can be entered into in connection with this competition, and telegraphic and telephonic communications will not be answered.

7. Sentences must consist of not less than four words and not more than twelve words.

8. Each word of your sentence must be taken from one of the advertisements appearing either on the covers or on the white pages of this number.

9. You must not use more than one word from any one advertisement.

10. All entries must be addressed to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London, and the envelope containing them must be marked distinctly in the top left-hand corner with the word "Cycling.

ENTRY FORM. 4

Your sentence is to be written in this column, one word in each line.	In this column write the name of the advertisement from which each word is taken, and also the number of the page on which the advertisement appears.
1	1
2	2
3	3
4	4
5	5
6	6
7	7
8	8
9	9
10	10
11	11
12	12

I enter this Competition on the conditions and in accordance with the rules mentioned above and I accept the Editor's decision as final and binding.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

Number of Postal Order.....

THE YOKEL.

A CHARACTER STUDY.

Of all men the yokel is probably the most misunderstood. He is associated in the minds of the majority with pigs and fat bacon, and he has the reputation of being a slow-witted "pudden head" who takes half a day to take in the drift of a simple question and the other half to give a monosyllabic answer, which will probably be wrong when it comes.

He is believed to have an unlimited capacity for leaning on a gate and gazing steadfastly before him into space, meditating gravely upon nothing, and growing fat upon complete inertia.

When at work it is popularly believed that he speaks to his horses in a strange jargon that only they can understand, and in his moments of wildest excitement he has been known to whistle something that only he could call a tune, as he sits, dangling his legs, on the shaft of the wagon.

When in love he is an amusing object to those whose affections are already settled, or who have not yet felt the pangs. To see him wandering along the lanes on a hot Sunday afternoon, dressed in his best broadcloth, with the hand of his ladylove enfolded by his own brown and brawny fist, is to see a picture of complete misery.

But in truth there are few who cut a pretty figure when in love, in any social rank, and the yokel is only a degree more picturesque than his sharper witted fellows.

In all his phases the yokel is sublimely unconscious of the figure he cuts. Awkward he is beyond a doubt, and he has no finicking drawing-room manners, but as a specimen of the Englishman in the rough, he is quite an attractive figure, possessed of many fine qualities which the townsman lacks.

His independent spirit is in every way commendable. He glories in his own qualities and never attempts to hide his real nature. If he wishes to drink he drinks, and if he feels inclined to get downright drunk he does so with a steady determination and a growing affability that bring out some of the latent good nature that is in him.

Through many years of association with the yokel I have never found him a "sponger" or a coward. Though he is filled with quaint country superstition, he has an Englishman's contempt for danger.

When he is once fired with the martial spirit nothing on earth will satisfy him until he has gone the whole hog and 'listed or else taken up the duties of a Territorial.

There is hardly a country cottage between Land's End and John o' Groats or from Lowestoft to Bantry Bay that has not upon its walls framed portraits of the soldier and sailor sons who heard "the brave music of a distant drum" and followed its sound until they came up to it in barrack-yard or on board a man-o'-war.

Jack and Tommy have done more unofficial recruiting in our villages than all the recruiting sergeants and attractive coloured pictures hung up in country post offices throughout the land.

More than half of the so-called dulness of the yokel is his inborn caution. He can see through a trick as quickly as any man living, and his native suspicion and prudence keep him from falling into many a pit dug for him by the "confidence man" in whatever shape he appears.

He retains all the dogged grit that enables a man to work for half a century without a holiday and almost without a grumble, and to one who sees much of his daily life it is a source of constant astonishment that the yokel has not risen over and over again against the hardships and undoubted difficulties of his lot.

That he does not do so is not a sign of fear or weakness, but is only another proof of his possession of that readiness to make the best of every situation, a quality that has gone far towards the making of England.

L. J. WESTON.

MY NOTEBOOK.

TERRITORIAL CLIQUES.

I have before me a protest from a reader in regard to cliques which, he says, exist in most Territorial units.

"You find in every corps," he writes, "that, instead of all being for the state, the majority are for one party or another. Every corps seems to be divided into a certain number of cliques, each dominated by one man. I think this to be a mistake. There ought to be a feeling of equal friendship throughout the whole of every unit."

MY OWN REGIMENT.

I must frankly disagree with the suggestion which my reader makes. I think that the cliques in the different Territorial units greatly improve the general *esprit de corps*.

Each company or squadron is in friendly rivalry with its neighbour, and it is well that even within each squadron itself there should be minor organisations, groups of particular friends who compete with similar groups in all matters tending to regimental efficiency.

My own regiment is the "King's Own," made famous by Mr. Garratt's "Kernahan" stories, and officially known as the King's Own Royal Regiment, Norfolk Yeomanry.

We claim that all the boys in the "King's Own" are "nuts," but there is one little group, consisting of about twelve, who are sometimes called the Tenth Legion and sometimes the Barcelonas, because they are supposed to be nuts of an extra special brand.

WHO THE BARCELONAS ARE.

Our Barcelonas include the majority of the characters from which Mr. Garratt has drawn the material for his stories.

You will find amongst the Barcelonas, Troopers Kernahan, Stephen and Carteret, their real names being but slightly different from those which Mr. Garratt has given them; Mr. Garratt and myself are also Barcelonas.

With the exception of one sergeant, who wears his stripes with all modesty, we are all plurry troopers, all very proud of our regiment, and equally proud of being Barcelonas.

Many of us have been troopers for years and have no particular inclination to be otherwise, although we take the keenest interest in all that pertains to the regiment and its welfare.

I could tell you many little stories of sacrifices that have been made by individuals for the sake of the "King's Own," but I scarcely think it my business to deal with other people's private affairs; I may say, however, that for my own part every time I go to drill I have to take a journey of 121 miles each way and stop the night in the town which Mr. Garratt calls Brermouth, and which, as a matter of cold fact, is Yarmouth.

We have many privileges, for His Majesty is our Colonel, and looks after us well; for example, a trooper in the "King's Own" is allowed to take into camp with him a private groom to look after his horse. And no one is keener on the maintenance of all these privileges than are the Barcelonas.

There are other cliques, if you like to give them that name, in "B" Squadron, and the rivalry between the cliques makes for the efficiency of the Squadron as a whole and helps to maintain for the "King's Own"—and always for "B" Squadron in particular—the proud description of the premier Yeomanry regiment of the whole country.

AM I JUSTIFIED?

You may think I am a bit too proud of my regiment, and I recognise the fact that it is possible there may be another just as good—though I have not so far come across it. But, all the same, I hold that every Territorial ought to consider his own regiment to be the best on earth, and if you entertain that view I lift my glass to your corps, whatever it may be—always on the understanding, of course, that you the same to the dear old "King's Own," I am sure you will.

AS GOOD AS ANYBODY.

The other evening I met who is a trooper in a corps is not my own. We were ing notes as to the privileges enjoyed respective regiments, as to our uniforms forth, and he had the audacity to say own regiment was not a patch on his.

Of course I protested.

"Never mind," he said. "It doesn't any harm to believe that you are just as anybody else, and perhaps a bit better

I have forgotten a good many of the we discussed together, but I have not fo that remark. It was a sermon in litt embodied a very sane and practicable phil I quite agree with my Territorial pal a that one of the finest feelings a man perience is to be conscious of the fact is just as good as anybody else.

A lot depends on what you understa "just as good." Of course, looking at from the money point of view, there a few who could claim to be just as good millionaire, but I have never looked through gilt-edged spectacles, and I thi a man can say he is just as good as anyb when he has sound health, plenty of dash heart, and that almost indefinable quality we refer to as good sportsmanship. If sesses these things, then he is indeed as anybody else, no matter what may financial position.

RESULTS NEXT WEEK.

Next week I shall have p in publishing the names a dresses of the prize winners first Sporting Competition.

At the time of writing I cannot tell the amount of money that will be availa distribution, but I fear it will fall consi short of what I expected. The amoun able will be divided as arranged—that is half the money will be divided between t three prize winners in the proportion of and 10, while the other half will be dist in 5s. prizes amongst those competitors efforts I consider next in point of merit t of the three prize winners.

There is one point which I should emphasise, and that is this: although that for some time our prize money w compare very favourably with that dist by those papers which specialise in comp and which practically owe their sole ex to them, yet it is worth while remem that in a small competition, you have far opportunities of winning a prize than in one.

If you are anything of a hand at figure will readily see that the greater the prize the less is your opportunity of getting s it. In competitions of this nature, all the distributed is sent in by the competitors, is obvious that if the sum given out is one, the number of competitors must be large in proportion. Therefore your op nity of scoring in such a competition as necessarily much greater than in the co those papers which have been running co tions for months and have consequently up a large pool of entry money.

From the indications before me, I ma that the entries for the first competition ar promising, and in a short space of time that my prize list will be bigger than that other paper.

Have a shot at this week's competition persuade your friends to enter it also. For own part, I can assure you that the entrie be thoroughly considered, and I shall do utmost to insure that the best man wins.

YOUR EDIT

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.